LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
1800

Class PS 2129

Book .J75

White.

8.39

Sarah E. White

WRITINGS

OF

CAROLINE ELIZABETH JENNESS.

With a Memoir.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial:
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best;
And he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest, —
Lives in one hour more than in years do some."

FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION.

BOSTON:
PRINTED BY JOHN WILSON AND SON.
1858.

PS 2129
.J75

1515/2
10

CONTENTS.

Page.

Memoir 1

Miscellaneous Writings.

Life and Character of Niebuhr 53

Sketch of the History of Florence 73

Pascal 107

Mahomet 127

The Duty of Intellectual Culture 132

The Patriarchs 137

Fairies 146

Present Condition of Europe 155

The Resources of our Country 163

Slavery 183

Poetry.

Christmas Hymn 199

The Fountain of Youth 201

The Death of Mansfield 203

The Death of Mirabeau 205

The Request 207

The Pauper's Funeral 209

Makaba 211

The Beacon 213

The Vision 215

On receiving Campbell's Poems 217

Page.

"Fear not" 218

Moses in the Bulrushes 219

Hope on 221

On the Death of Margaret Miller Davidson 222

The Meeting of the Departed 224

On seeing a Painting of Titian's Daughter 226

Music 229

Morning 231

Stanzas 234

The Miller's Daughter 235

Nuptial Song 237

The Soldier 239

Love flies 241

To Jessie 243

The Ploughman's Daughter 244

Epitaph 246

Love 248

Song 249

Repose 250

Lines for an Album 252

A Legend of Blenheim 253

The Deserted House 258

Ode to Solitude 261

Liberty 263

On a Picture 264

The Flowers of my Garden 266

The Heathen Mother's Lament 271

Ministry of Grief 273

Hymn 274

Lines to a Friend 275

MEMOIR.

IN sketching, however briefly, the life and character of an individual, as in the delineation of a landscape, distance seems necessary, in order to give to every feature its fair and just proportion, and to depict it in such a manner as to leave a life-like impression on the mind of the beholder. A close survey, while it imparts greater accuracy to the detail, and a more intimate acquaintance with the delicate features that strike the eye of the near observer, sometimes detracts from the strong and general impression of the whole character, as made upon one, who, with fewer opportunities of minute observation, takes in at a single glance the more striking and prominent characteristics of the scene.

As this volume is designed, however, rather to preserve the memory of one truly loved in the hearts of those near and dear, than to make known her comparatively retired and secluded life to strangers,

we trust that whatever defects or omissions may be found in its execution will be excused and supplied by the kind memories of those to whom she was the constant friend and the genial companion.

Of her writings, comparatively few remain. Always seeing before her a higher standard of excellence than that already attained, she was in the habit of destroying her papers from time to time, feeling dissatisfied with any thing short of the best of which her mental powers were capable. As these were developed and strengthened, views and judgments, though carefully formed and expressed at the time, were constantly modified and enlarged; and papers written at one period would often be destroyed, as no longer expressing her true opinion, or full power of conveying the truth to another mind. Several of those which are here collected have been preserved through the care of friends; a few having been published at the time they were written. They are now printed as they were left; though we cannot but wish that her hand had revised and arranged them, and that more had been preserved of the writings of later years, upon subjects to which she devoted much thought and study.

Some of these now printed are fragmentary; but they are retained, as valuable to near friends, being the chief that remains of the product of her ready pen and active mind.

Caroline Elizabeth Jenness, the eldest child of Richard Jenness and Caroline M'Clintock, was born at Deerfield, N.H., Aug. 22, 1824. No remarkable incidents marked her early childhood: but, possessing good bodily health, and a buoyant, happy temperament, she enjoyed with zest the pleasures suited to her years; while she early evinced an unusual love of knowledge, a power of acquisition, and a capacity to accomplish whatever was undertaken, — whether in the way of study, the use of the needle, or in household duties, — which are rarely witnessed so early in life.

Her earlier years were marked by the same quickness of observation, the same strength of will and tenacity of purpose, the same indomitable perseverance in accomplishing whatever was undertaken, that characterized her later life. What sometimes proved obstinacy and self-will in the child became the power by which she triumphed over every obstacle, seeming or real, in her intellectual progress, and resisted those depressing influences of weary pain and suffering in after-years that would have crushed a nature less firm, and less capable of endurance.

Deerfield was ever a pleasant spot to her; and though her father removed thence to Portsmouth in

1828, when she was but four years of age, she always loved to visit her grandmother's house, and cherished a happy remembrance of the place, as the scene where her earliest years were passed, and where, amid the green fields, the verdant hills, and the picturesque scenery, of her native home, she imbibed that love of nature, and of every thing beautiful in the outward world, which characterized her through life.

Even when a child, lessons were a pastime, rather than a task; and few ever derived more true enjoyment from school-life. Her teachers sympathized in her strong desire to progress; and step after step was gained with little seeming effort, though an amount of time and thought was expended on her lessons of which few were aware who witnessed her readiness to participate in the amusements of her age, and who knew her extended acquaintance with mere light literature. Thoroughness marked her acquirements; and for this she was indebted to the fidelity of her teachers, no less than to her own native aversion to all superficiality.

At the age of thirteen and fourteen, in addition to her regular school-studies, she read, with care, Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," Hume's "History of England," Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella," and works of a similar character; evincing, even then, that love of historical research which continued a favorite pursuit through life.

Yet, mingled with more serious occupations, there

was ever a liveliness of conversation, a genial warmth of feeling, and a true, deep affection, that attached her strongly to her nearest friends; and friendships formed in early school-days, so apt to be transitory, with her continued unbroken through life. A few letters remain of this period, which evince that the habit of self-examination was early formed, and which express considerable interest in the public services of Christian worship, as well as an appreciation of the religious privileges enjoyed from childhood, both at church and in the sabbath school.

She thus writes to a friend then in Boston: —

"Mr. Hall preached last Sunday afternoon; and I wish you had been with us to attend the services. His subject was 'The Re-union and Knowledge of our Friends in Heaven;' and so touchingly, so beautifully, did he speak of that future state, and of the meeting of friends parted from us for a little season, that, had I never believed it before, I should have then. After such an hour, one cannot but be better, for a time at least. I wish, too, that you had been at Sunday school. I felt the remarks that were made; for, within a year, two of our number have been taken from us. . . . If we could clearly read the account of the past months, see the duties done and undone distinctly before us, the sins committed, the wrong thoughts and feelings indulged, would not our hearts turn pale with sorrow? Yet He who searcheth all hearts knows us truly and wholly. Why has not *this* thought a more constraining, abiding influence? Yet have we not the promise, that those who ask *shall* receive; and that, if we *seek*, we *shall* surely find?"

It was with great delight, that, at this time, she first read some of Channing's "Discourses," especially his sermon on "Immortality." The closing portions she copied, in order to impress them more deeply upon her mind; and often referred to his words in after-years. The future life became more real to her through his life-giving, inspiring thoughts of the boundlessness of human existence; and nobler aims and higher desires were kindled, as she dwelt upon the full assurance of an immortal life, made known through Christ. Sometimes the vague yearnings and restless desires of her soul for something more and higher than earth can give, expressed themselves in verses, often destroyed almost as soon as written. One beautiful spring afternoon, when school-duties were over, and every recitation prepared for the next day, she walked into the country for an hour, returning after sunset. Never have we seen her enjoy more deeply the calm beauty of the sunset hour; and, after watching every changing hue of the heavens, — as the deep, rich crimson faded into the clear, mellow twilight, and then changed into the dim, dusky hue of the evening hour, — she returned home unusually silent and thoughtful. The following lines, composed at the time, are of value, only as being the earliest of her writings that remain, and as evincing the direction her thoughts often took, when, to many, she appeared wholly occupied in intellectual pursuits: —

"Oh, would that I might flee away,
Above in the clouds, like thee,
Thou bird of the foam-white wing, and rest
Where storms can never be!

For the weary world of sin and grief,
And the troubled sounds of woe,
Are stilled where the crystal streams of light
And the summer breezes blow.

And the shivered strings are bound again;
And the golden harps have strains,
That thrill in soft and gentle tones
O'er yonder heavenly plains.

Thou hast been above, in the floating clouds;
And perchance thou knowest the home
Of the pure and loved, and the true of heart,
Above, where thou hast flown.

Would, would, that I had a wing like thee,
Away that I might flee,
And rest in the rainbow land of light,
Above life's stormy sea!"

The eldest of five children, and her mother's state of health at times disabling her from the performance of the more active duties devolving upon her as head of the family, she early gained a skill in household duties, and in the use of the needle, rarely surpassed by those of entire leisure, and with no taste for reading or study. Every moment was occupied. A systematic arrangement of her studies and duties marked even her opening years; so that by close industry, no less than by the faithful use of superior

abilities, an amount of labor was accomplished, often incredible to those who knew not the steadfastness of purpose which led her right on, every obstacle or difficulty only proving an incentive to new effort.

If a young friend called to pass an hour, some fancy-work or embroidery designed as a gift to a friend, or necessary plain sewing, was always ready to occupy her hands; while, even in the performance of household duties, a grammar, or book of poetry, was often so placed as to be referred to in any moment of leisure, so that as little time as possible should be expended in *mere* manual labor.

Her memory, retentive of thoughts and ideas rather than of mere words, sometimes rendered her recitations less true than some of her class, where a mere *verbatim* lesson was required; but, in almost all others, she always took the first place, readily assigned her by her classmates as well as by her teachers. Compositions, so often the greatest dread of the schoolgirl, proved a pleasant and easy task to her. When only eleven or twelve years of age, we have known her employ the leisure time of recess in writing on the slate long stories for the amusement of her young friends, — full of strange and thrilling incidents, yet almost always having an historical foundation, — the next hour to be replaced by sums in Colburn, or some algebraic solution.

Truthfulness always marked her social intercourse; and though, in early life, this sometimes amounted

almost to bluntness, it was tempered in maturer years by a kindlier judgment, and a regard to the feelings of others, — the result of a more just self-knowledge, as well as of a truer appreciation of their characters and claims. A quick and keen sense of the ridiculous sometimes caused her to utter words wounding to a sensitive spirit; and, in opening life, her superior mental abilities, as well as a too impulsive judgment, led her, in some instances, to underrate those who cared little for study, or whose progress in knowledge was gained only by slow and difficult steps. But as conscience became more enlightened and active; as a truer acquaintance with others led her to prize their virtues, as well as to see their defects; and, more than all, as a keener insight into her own heart revealed its secret wants and sins, while the one great end and aim of being gradually unfolded itself before the inward eye, — these faults were clearly seen; and the endeavor to "render to all their due" drew towards her many, as warm friends, who had little sympathy in her merely intellectual pursuits. Her love to her friends was strong and true. With a large circle of acquaintance, whom she always enjoyed to meet, and possessing the happy faculty of adapting her conversation to the tastes of those around her, her intimate friends were comparatively few; but, to these few, her attachment was sincere and constant, — never wavering, and never interrupted by those slight misunderstandings which

so often mar the intercourse of otherwise true friends.

We subjoin here a few extracts from the only letter that remains of this period: —

"November, 1839.

. . . "I am now really pressed with business. You may laugh; but I have as many lessons as I can possibly attend to, with other duties. I have finished my algebra; and have commenced geometry, which I like very much; also geology. I have been reading Henry Kirke White's Life and Poems; and I am delighted with his character, it was so pure, holy, and true. It does not seem to me that I shall ever acquire that abiding trust and reliance on God that he had. I have also read the Life of Neff, who was another of those "holy men of Israel." Sometimes it strikes me as strange, that those who are so pure, so fitted to do such great good in this world, should so early be taken: but I remember, that, the purer the spirit is, the better fitted it is for a higher sphere; and, if suffered to live, how seldom the fruit fully realizes, on earth, the promise of the bud! . . . I have also been reading Irving's 'Companions of Columbus,' and Botta's 'History of the Revolution.' . . . But let us not forget that *higher* knowledge to be attained, my dear ——. When you look into the future, and see the long vista of years of toil, trial, and suffering that *may* await us, does not your spirit almost shrink from the contemplation? I sometimes feel as if I should never overcome the trials that I *must* have. But we are taught, that 'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;' and if we, dear ——, really try to be faithful servants to our high Master, we shall at length, slowly, yet step by step, arrive at the stature of the perfect Christian. It almost seems impossible that I ever shall; but I know, that, 'with God, all things are possible.'

'Unto whom much is given, much will be required.' *We* do not have the excuse of sinning through ignorance. . . . I have always taken the deepest interest in ——'s welfare: I hope she will go on improving in knowledge and virtue. Do try to impress her with those feelings which will tend to form her moral character; for she is generous, loving, and easily guided by those around her.

"Suppose that, to make our correspondence of greater real benefit, we should sometimes write upon some subject. It seems to me it would improve us both; for I can express my thoughts more freely in letter-writing than in any other species of composition, having then no desire to shine, and no fear of teachers' blots and marks, nor short epitaphs at the bottom of the page, — 'Very well,' or 'Very poor:' by the way, the latter a thing more likely to be said than the former.

"I returned from Deerfield on Friday. The day was very pleasant, but cold; and I do not recollect when I have noticed such beautiful clouds at mid-day. They were of the deepest, clearest blue, shaded with white, and a dull slate. Sometimes a beautiful, light-blue lake lay imbosomed among high mountains, white as snow; and, at others, a belt of blue girded them. Perhaps you noticed them.

"Do write as often as possible.

"Affectionately yours,

"CAROLINE."

In May, 1840, while in her sixteenth year, she entered a more advanced school, with several companions of nearly the same age, all of whom were desirous to improve, and were interested in their studies, but whom she rapidly surpassed in most acquirements. At this time she first enjoyed an opportunity of study-

ing the languages; and she evinced at once an unusual ease and skill in their acquisition. French, Italian, and German soon became rather a pastime than a study. Latin was commenced at home, and Spanish pursued to some extent. Without a teacher, and with only the use of a grammar and dictionary, she employed her leisure moments in the study of Sanscrit; but this she gave up after a time, thinking that other pursuits would prove of more real benefit to her. Music also occupied some part of every day, and was always a source of great pleasure to her, from her earliest years until the last week of her life; though she was never willing to let it take the place of more serious pursuits. At this time she rose very early, — sometimes by four in the morning, — and never seemed weary so long as there was the opportunity for improvement; though physical exercise was often too much neglected. Possessing a naturally strong constitution, and with pursuits more than sufficient to occupy every hour, she could hardly be persuaded that fresh air and exercise were essential to the preservation of her health, though none enjoyed more keenly a ride on horseback; and a walk with a friend who would converse upon themes in which she most delighted, or a ramble among the woods in search of wild flowers to aid her botanical studies, was always welcomed as a pleasure.

It was during her last year at school that most of her fugitive pieces of poetry were composed, little in

the same vein being written in after-years: for she felt that her best powers lay in a different direction; and she had too exalted an idea of the divine gift of the poet ever to regard it as one belonging to herself. In a letter to a friend, at whose request she had written a few verses, she thus expresses herself: —

"I have written the lines on the subject you requested, and send them; but I am not satisfied, and never shall be, with my own writings. I desire poetry, like the copy of Guido's 'Sibyl' that I have seen, to be imbued with a solemn, prophetic expression, — to possess a dignity and power, and yet a subduing beauty, which the higher artists have alone known how to mingle. I desire it to breathe the strains which are heard by angelic spirits from the harp of nature."

At this time she accompanied her father on a short visit to Bangor and Oldtown, making a good part of the journey in an old-fashioned stage-coach. At the latter place, she visited some of the Indian tribes; and their wild manner of life, their early history, so wrapped in obscurity, as well as the strange myths with which their legends abounded, appealed strongly to her imagination, and left an impression never afterwards effaced. She possessed a good knowledge of their history, and took considerable interest in tracing the various correspondences in their language, manners, and habits, with the original inhabitants of other lands.

During the next three years, her life was passed in

the quiet routine of home-duties, and in the prosecution of her favorite pursuits, varied occasionally by a visit to her grandmother's house at Deerfield. A few letters written from this place show the pleasure with which she always returned to her native home: —

"May.

"You will be surprised to hear from me so soon, my dear ——; but I should have little new to write, if I staid ever so long. Nature, to be sure, is ever new and ever young; but I cannot describe her beauties and manifold forms. I inhale pleasure with every breeze; but it is a pleasure I cannot paint. I would not, if I could, ring to you the changes of blue hills, blue skies, airs perfumed with apple-blossoms. I would not, if I could, tell you all the pretty stories of the fairies in the sleepy violet's eye, thick as they can be in every nook; of their feasts round their golden tables, the dandelions; of the thousand little *billets-doux* that are flying on every apple-blossom, and dropping on the breeze. Not I; for you know all before. And what would be the use? Nature is a presence to me, like that of a dear friend, whom I would not think of talking about when with her.

"This is, indeed, one of the quietest places in the world. The stages from Manchester and Portsmouth go by once in a day or two; and I have heard one subterranean report, to announce that the nether world is not asleep, if the upper one is. I think seriously of the 'Poor Lady's Journal' in the 'Spectator,' and fear my own would be about as empty: certainly it would be so of incident.

"*Quiet thinking* is out of fashion. Hermit-like, every man's soul can be known only to himself; for 'our nearest friends know how little of us!' Yet every man, as if *afraid* to know this hermit self, seeks to become acquainted with

souls not half so capable, perhaps, as his own, and seeks in vain. . . . There are, indeed, ample subjects for thought, even here, if I only remember that this soul of mine must live, sorrow, rejoice, progress, *alone*, as it were, through eternity. You will understand me. . . . As to reading, I have the Bible and Shakspeare; and these are enough. If I wish for real study, I have a charming work on conic sections, and Niebuhr's last volume." . . .

"DEERFIELD, July, 1842.

"I am sitting at a half-open window, my dear ——; and the rain falls softly on the leaves, with a sleepy, soothing sound. I never saw the country look in a finer state. The immense mowing-fields; the grain, just turning, and waving so gracefully with every breeze; the dark, rich verdure of the trees; the peculiar summer, hazy hue resting on the mountains; the beautiful perfume from the sweet-ferns, — throw the greatest charms around a country life. For myself, it would always be my favorite home; for I breathe a diviner excitement in the pure air, in the wonderful variety of vegetable nature, and the grandeur of the hills that girdle us round in a loving embrace of beauty. Do not smile; for, whether the aroma of a remembrance that here I was born, or the natural perfectness of the scene lingers around and overshadows my judgment, certain it is, that this is a most enchanting spot. And yet it is a wondrous place to dream in; that is, to have one thought, and revolve it over and over, and examine it inch by inch, until you are sure — *quite sure*, with Mr. John Willet — that you have actually got hold of an idea. . . .

"The Infinite Spirit is, indeed, everywhere, — the all-animating spirit, and the bond of nature. I can think of nothing that can so express the whole visible and invisible creation as the word 'harmony.' Man is too often a note

of discord; and yet, in the kind providence of God, even these jarring strains breathe of the divine will, and strengthen the heart of the penitent through a sense of humility. How true is this in the history of man, where the crimes of one age, the indolence of one generation, sow the seeds of a revulsion of feeling, and a new-born energy and purity! And this, to me, is one proof of the Christian revelation; since the most vile are unwillingly, yet continually, justifying its declarations by their own experience and fate. They may, like Napoleon, overflow the world on the billows of conquest; but behind them, as they progress, and over the landmarks which they have swept away, the waves are gathering that will swallow them up in their turn. This conquering power, in the end, is the *moral* power, which, unselfish and undazzled, proceeds gradually and surely, restoring and protecting. . . . This is truly a quiet, dreamy spot. However, I am quite contented; and surely cheerfulness is the best prayer, the best anthem of thanksgiving, man can raise to his Creator. . . . I hope to be with you soon.

"Your affectionate C——."

At this time she entered more fully than before into society, and was always welcomed as one possessing unusual conversational powers, and a liveliness of manner, and quickness of repartee, that made her a general favorite. She had a happy faculty, too, in amusing children, by telling them stories or planning games; while many an older friend will recall the hours she has made pleasant by more sober, quiet conversation. Large parties she never greatly enjoyed: there was usually too much frivolity, conventionality, and fashion, too little of real improve-

ment, in them, to satisfy her. "If you have attended half a dozen, you have been to all," she would sometimes say; "for one is a mere repetition of another, with some change in the decorations." Yet her social sympathies were active and true; and none enjoyed more the smaller circle of friends, especially if they possessed the power of quickening her own thought, or of contributing to her real improvement.

At the same time, united with a strong intellectual ambition, more serious thoughts and inquiries, of which few were aware, occupied her mind.

Questions arose as to the truth of the Christian faith and revelation. The implicit trust of childhood in another's teachings had been outgrown; and it was not in the nature of a mind like hers to adopt any mere theories as truth, unless they had been thoroughly proved and tested. Books on the evidences of the Christian religion were carefully read; the Bible — both the Old and New Testaments — was diligently studied, and numerous notes written. Butler's "Analogy," and works of a similar character, were perused with deep interest; and while the opinions of others were closely judged, and often differed from, she rested not until she felt that her faith was established upon a sure and firm foundation, the strength of which was manifested in her later years of suffering and decline. There was always a distrust in her mind of mere emotional feeling, — of truth as received

through the intellectual nature, and thence acting upon the heart, — which often led her to avoid any expression of individual interest in religious themes, where such interest was really felt, and where its manifestation would have been for her own good and that of others. Beneath a light or gay manner, there was often concealed a depth of inward life, and of true religious feeling, known to very few. This she regretted in after-years; for she felt that it was a neglect of opportunities for good, placed immediately within her power. The writings of Thomas à Kempis, of Fénélon, and of Jeremy Taylor, were familiar to her; and a deeper interest than before was taken in the public services of Christian worship.

With a growing sense of the infinite value of a Christian faith, there was also a longing to do more for others, — to be more active in works of benevolence and charity. The question, "What shall I do?" — so often perplexing to the young when the field of effort, with all its wide opportunities, first opens before them, — was not suffered to pass without a definite response. "I can give money, or mere alms," she sometimes said; "but this requires no self-denial on my part: but if I give my time; if I give help to another, intellectual or spiritual, — I give what is really a part of myself; and, situated as I am, that is the only true charity."

With the poet, she believed and felt, —

"That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives nothing but worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty;
But he who gives a slender mite,
And gives to that which is out of sight,
That thread of the all-sustaining Beauty
Which runs through all and doth all unite, —
The hand cannot clasp the whole of his alms,
The heart outstretches its eager palms,
For a god goes with it and makes it store
To the soul that was starving in darkness before."

With these feelings, she formed a small class in history, gave lessons to some young friends in French and Italian, and read German with a companion; continuing, at the same time, her studies in Latin and Greek, and acquainting herself more fully with English literature, especially with the old English dramatists and poets.

She also became a teacher in the sabbath school, of which she had been a constant pupil from early childhood; and took no little interest in her class, and in the meetings for teachers, which she usually attended. Her lessons were always thoroughly studied before going to her class; for she was never satisfied with a mere *verbatim* recitation, nor did she find the hour appropriated to class-duties too long to occupy her. Her standard of the qualifications necessary to the teacher was high; and she felt that every teacher was sacredly bound to do all in his or her power to render the sabbath school a higher and more effective means of usefulness, bringing to it the best of mental

culture and spiritual life. Some of her pupils were from the humbler walks of society; and with these she made herself particularly acquainted in their own homes, aiding them by her skilful use of the needle, and, by her social manner and kind words, interesting the parents as well as the children in the school.

During the last year of her life, she inquired with particular interest as to these pupils, and their prospects in life, and then added, "I wonder if they ever think of me: I am sure I do of them." In after-years, when debarred from any active means of usefulness, she often said in reference to the school, in whose true prosperity she felt a deep interest even to the last week of her life, "Could I again return to my duties as teacher, it would be with very different aims from those with which I first entered on the vocation. We need intellectual clearness and truth, systematic teaching, and a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures, it is true; but I should make it my *direct* aim to reach the *hearts* of my pupils, to lead them to Christ, and to show them the worthlessness of all acquirements not sanctified by love to him, and faith in his divine life and teachings."

She was aware of the danger, from her constitutional temperament, of exalting the intellectual above the spiritual; and, while conscious of having too much yielded to it, she desired to lead others to a higher standard of character. Looking upon the future life as a continuance of the present, — the

change produced by death being a change in the mode of existence, and not any sudden, entire revulsion of character or feeling, — she felt that every power and faculty here cultivated and strengthened was for eternity, and not for time; and that, the greater the improvement here made, the better fitted was the spirit to enter upon the wider spheres of progress opened to it in its higher home.

In October, 1843, she visited New York for the first time; and amid social engagements, and all the excitements incident to a first visit in that great city, it is evident, from the following letter, that the reality of life impressed her more and more deeply, and that purposes of improvement, and a quick and true sympathy with tried friends, occupied the secret thoughts of her heart: —

"New York, Oct. 13, 1843.

"Dear ——, I felt greatly obliged to you for writing to me without ceremony. Ceremony is so tiresome, so wearying, that freedom, now-a-days, is like food to a hungry man; and I desire you, henceforth, to take every freedom with me possible, even to scolding and reproving. . . . Here is *life* exhibited in all its vanity, ambition, extravagance, folly, activity, and energy. I feel swallowed up, lost, in it. I am not myself, — only a part of the great drama playing about me. I cannot tell you how deeply I am impressed with its weight, its importance, with the complicated means given men to develop the great end, while I am borne along by the crowd, and the countenances of the passers-by move before me, impressed with anxiety, thought, or frivolity. One is so humbled, yet for the better. I never feel so in

the country; for *there* my thoughts are calmer and more peaceful, like the scenery around me.

"I heard Dr. Dewey on Sunday, and liked him much. The theme of his discourse was the *spiritual lethargy*, the content with our attainments, that essentially checks all real improvement. I did, indeed, determine henceforth to arouse myself to something better. What might I not have been, had every moment been improved, no thought wasted, no occasion for good omitted! Have we not been unwisely contented, even in intellectual efforts? Is it not *too* true of the spiritual? . . . I am sure that my soul *has* wings; but they are dust-laden from long folding. . . .

"I cannot but speak of the Croton reservoirs: they are such wonderful, such beautiful specimens of skill, that, when I examined them, I could not help rejoicing in my humanity, and feeling proud that God had enabled man, so poor, weak, and humble, to conceive and perform so much. . . . I have seen, too, Weir's picture of the 'Pilgrim Embarkation;' but it did not make my heart beat as Mrs. Hemans's song has many a time done. The coloring was cold and dead, and the expression passionless. You could trace no inward struggle to suppress the grief at parting, no sign of recent tears, no bold fervor or earnest hope. Yet the grouping was good, and one figure angelic, — the wife of Miles Standish; while Mrs. Bradford had a sweet, feminine expression of countenance. I should have said that the Pilgrims are engaged in prayer, on the deck of the vessel in which they are about to sail, while their friends remain on the wharf awaiting their departure.

"Last week I visited the rooms of a portrait-painter, and saw a fine fancy-piece of the sale of a Circassian slave to a Turk. The shrinking of the girl, her contracted brow, raised shoulders, and averted face; the calm scrutiny of the Turk; and the diabolical interest of the slave-dealer, — were very striking.

"I hardly know whether all these things will interest you at present; but I hope that they may, as the beautiful and the true should always do. . . . We have had differing fates thus far: but I think we fully understand each other; and my own spirit is not entirely inharmonious with sorrow. There is no joy in life, that is enduring, but in progress and improvement; and while we look upon its cares and joys and anxieties in this light, while we feel that the soul is made perfect *through* suffering, we can see the change, and autumn and death, as only a change to a higher life for the dying, and an awakening voice to ourselves.

"I hope to be with you very soon.

"Affectionately yours,

"CAROLINE."

Soon after her return, the following note was addressed to the same friend: —

"Nov. 11, 1843.

"MY DEAR ——, . . . Is not this enough to make us glad, even in sorrow? This life, it appears to me, is only a part of our eternal existence; and every moment that we improve insures its own happiness.

"How beautifully are we bound together by our affections! and, although they may often cause pain, are they not the means of far greater joy?

"Let us thank God each moment for our existence: for, though weary, sick, or oppressed, there may be joy in life, — a peace in the belief that the darkness shall but usher in the brighter morning; that the providence of God never sleeps. And what joy alone in the possession of a *soul!* for, frail as may be its dwelling-place here, it is more noble than accident, unconquered by pain, enduring for ever and ever. Let us thank God that he has deigned to open our eyes, even partially, to his glories; and, far more than this, that

we shall see clearer hereafter, and have opened to us far higher means of progress.

"Life is but short; and the mist over our hearts should not hide from us the dawning of a brighter day. The departed will soon be ours again; and how shall we meet them, with the clouds of sadness weighing upon the wings of the spirit?

"Only bless God for his numberless mercies left, only be trustful, and how clear and sunlike will be the peace in your heart!

"Do not misunderstand me. I know the greatness of your trial; but I know, too, that all is well, and that sufficient for the day will be your strength.

"Affectionately yours,

"CAROLINE."

In the summer of 1846, in company with her parents, one of her sisters, and several friends, she took her first extended journey, visiting West Point, Trenton, Niagara, Saratoga, &c. With her, "a thing of beauty was a joy for ever;" and the views of the glory and richness of the outward world now opened, displaying the wonderful power, love, and glory of the Creator, inspired her with feelings never forgotten. We subjoin a letter written from Trenton Falls: —

"DEAR ——, Here am I at Trenton, — madcap, frolicking Trenton; wild, merry, peevish, fretful, troublesome Trenton. Is it not the sweetest of all dangerous beauties? If Ariel, in his wanderings, had ever found this place, I am sure he would never have aired his wings again: he would have been imprisoned out of love to the blue-bells dipped in

its spray. I am sure, in his divings, he never found so beautiful a place. I wish I could be here for months, not for days, or only one solitary day apart by itself in its lovely remembrances. If I were Undine, Trenton should make my ribbons for me; and I would wear at the parties of Kühleborn only the flowers she first wore in her hair.

"I have been in all the dangerous places, and have not been a bit afraid, except for others. It is not the safest of places here; but, if ever fear had a charm, it has it by these dashing, eternally foaming waterfalls. I have half a mind to stay here, and not go to Niagara, as I believe that the *sublime* has not so much power over me as the *beautiful*. Trenton is, to be sure, only the child; but, then, which had one rather see, — a child, with a heaven of smiles and innocence in its eyes; or a Laocoön, mighty and terrible in its struggles?

"I wish that you had been with me to-day to enjoy my pleasure; for I am confident that you would not be weary of looking again. I thought of some of our beautiful Psalms; how 'the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork:' for here is the place where we might read some of the noble passages of the prophets with hearts rightly attuned, and my favorite hymn, — the Hymn in the Vale of Chamouny, you remember, —

'And you, ye five wild torrents fiercely glad.'

When a child, I saw a picture — symbolical of Poetry — of a beautiful lady upon an overhanging precipice, bearing a harp above a flood of rushing waters, her hair in most dishevelled grace, as all heroines wear it, and the night-wind apparently tossing the branches of the trees above her. It would not certainly be a very comfortable position, if she were of mortal stuff. However, when I stood near one of the falls, I involuntarily placed her upon a steep ledge opposite. There she will sit for the rest of my life, enthroned, and crowned with her

chaplet. Don't laugh at me for my raptures. In truth, I don't expect weeks to make me a humdrum personage after I get home; and, if you have become one so soon, more shame to you.

"But I have been up the Hudson, and at West Point, — a very Eden, — and have said nothing about them. In truth, I have seen so much already, that I find ideas and thoughts about every thing scarce; and, when I come to Niagara, I shall not have one left *large* enough. But West Point is perfect. I imagine all the Naiads, all the Tritons, all the water-subjects of the olden Jupiter, to be sporting in its sweet waters, and the Olympian Jupiter himself sitting in calm majesty upon the mountains. The loved goddess, even, might not spurn such an abode; for her own Crete is not lovelier, in my imagination. We had a dancing-party the officers got up for our benefit; saw the stag-dance on the green; went to the Parades, and came away assured that so Paradise looked before it was a wreck. I will tell you, when I get home, how gloriously the echoes swelled in the hills; how sweetly the cow-bells tinkled for us, as we came down Fort Putnam, a very 'Ranz des Vaches.' . . .

"Yours affectionately,

"CAROLINE."

Every opportunity which parental indulgence and love could afford was opened to her for intellectual culture; and faithfully all such were used. She passed several months in Boston, in order to have the best instruction in drawing and painting; and, when there, she also pursued her studies in Latin and Greek, making a good proficiency.

We here introduce a few extracts from letters written while absent from home, as they are the only

writings that remain of this period. The first note, in a playful vein, was sent to a friend on Christmas, with the gift of two statuettes: —

"Boston, Dec. 23, 1848.

"In the number of articles exhibited on the counters of the fancy-stores, my dear ——, I have chosen 'this' and 'that' to remind you of me on Christmas Day. Hungarians, in pen-wipers, have bowed and scraped for my notice; essences have asked only to be smelled; books have most audibly said, 'We, too, mademoiselle;' portfolios and papeteries have looked fascinating; toys, even, have cast a tender eye at me, and winked, 'The world is but a stage, and we the players on it;' — until, like a man, who, in a crowd of favoring beauties, is won by the last one who smiles upon him, I was at last captivated by these exquisite figures I send you. Run with me, dear ——, through the corridors of time, and, without looking at your various transformations in the niches as you pass, stop at the one in which you will see yourself in the lovely little woman I send you, who is only too happy in the smiles of the charming old man by her side. And I can hear the precious soul quavering, —

'Drink to *me* only, with thine eyes;' —

for songs are always young, and I am sure will always be the delight of young and old. . . .

"Affectionately yours, "C."

The following letter was written in a more serious mood: —

"New-Year's Day, 1848.

"How can I thank you sufficiently for again remembering me, my dear ——? I really am not worthy of such kindness. One feels so humbled at seasons like the present,

when friends are overwhelming us with kindness, and yet we know so well our own unworthiness. I wish you, indeed, a happy New Year, — a year of improvement and of spiritual progress. . . . Ah! my dear ——, if all these periods of time were rightly improved, they would not set to us, like so many days, in darkness, but would rather be like those Northern days, where the sun just touches the horizon, to ascend the heavens again with unfading brightness.

"I saw a beautiful picture the other day, that I wish you could have seen, — Schœffer's *Christus Consolator*. On one side of the Saviour are those who are sad at heart; and, on the other, captives, — men in bonds, physically and spiritually. At the Saviour's feet, a mother has fallen upon her dead infant, worn out with grief; on his arm leans a Magdalen, in speechless but most eloquent grief; while He, with an expression of the utmost benignity, with even a glad sadness, without a shadow of reproach in his eye, seems to say, 'Father, forgive them;' 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest.' I am not particularly sensitive; but, when I looked at the picture, I confess the tears came, and I was obliged to drop my veil to hide my emotion. I wish we could have seen it together. I wish I could be with *you* to-day. But I hope to return soon; and remember me always as your *true* friend.

"C."

The study of political science had always interested her; and, at this period, she took a deeper interest than before in the history of politics in our own country, acquainting herself with the leading views of the principal statesmen, and making herself familiar with the various interests and resources of different parts of the country. Her father had long been in the habit of reading and conversing with her upon

these themes, and always found her interested, and desirous of information; while, in his more personal business affairs, she was ever a ready counsellor and helper; by her clearness of mind, and good judgment, often rendering efficient aid.

In November, 1849, her sister Anna married the Hon. Elbridge Gerry, then a member of Congress from the State of Maine; and, in December of that year, she accompanied Mrs. Gerry to Washington, and passed several months. A new world was there opened to her; and, while its mere fashion and gayety possessed little enduring attraction for her, she enjoyed keenly much of the society into which she was introduced, and formed some friendships that lasted through the remainder of life.

Probably no city embraces within the same compass so great a variety of character and talent, displays so many conflicting views, or exhibits so strong intellectual and moral contrasts, as are to be found at the seat of our national government; and to our friend, with her quick perception and appreciating mind, these opportunities for the study of characters and principles were not lost. Of the many letters written at this period, evincing the interest with which these new scenes were fraught, and replete with life, none remain.

The succeeding summer was passed at home; and, in the following winter, she again visited Washington, but with a less ardent anticipation than at first.

Shortly after, she suffered from an attack of illness, not considered serious at the time, but which resulted in a slight lameness and a general debility, that made her desirous to return home early in the spring. Doubtless this was the first appearance of that fatal disease which gradually spread throughout her whole frame, weakening her constitution, disabling one member after another, until, finally, it attacked and destroyed the vital powers.

The summer of 1851 was passed at Rye Beach; sea-bathing, and the bracing air of the ocean, being regarded as the best means for invigorating her health. While there, though debarred from walking, she suffered little pain, and found continued employment in her favorite studies; but, as winter approached, the disease increased, and walking, even with the use of crutches, became impossible. Her cheerfulness, however, continued undiminished; and books, pen, and pencil, together with the use of her needle, occupied every hour. But finding, at length, mental application, for any long period, impossible to her, as she was wholly debarred from taking exercise, she turned her attention to the painting of flowers and leaves from nature, and also to the copying of birds from Audubon's beautiful collection; and, by her self-acquired skill in these pursuits, attained a degree of proficiency rarely surpassed. Until the last months of her life, they proved a source of pleasure and interest to her and to her friends; and the love of flowers

— from childhood a natural taste, and cultivated with growing years — continued until the last.

Her sisters were unwearied in their endeavors to obtain for her the choicest specimens of wild flowers; and *her* room was always their first resort on the return from any little excursion; for they were always sure of her sympathy in their pleasures and recreations.

Months and years passed on, with no outward change, save the passing of a few weeks at the sea-shore, and the greater part of one summer at the Isle of Shoals, in the vain endeavor to rally her sinking strength. The following note was written at this time: —

"Isle of Shoals, July 1, 1852.

"I should have answered your kind note before, had I felt able so to do; but I have been just in that state when even signing my name would have been a burden. You praise me too highly. . . . I know, perfectly well, my own impulsive temperament; but I trust, that, at last, we shall *all* be purified. . . .

"I have been reading Wesley's Life; but I hardly know how one can live through such conflicts of body and mind. Surely it is not necessary that the kingdom of heaven should be taken, as it were, by storm. Our Saviour's followers were afflicted with no paroxysms at his preaching, like Wesley's disciples; but, in a psychological point of view, such things are worthy of study. I want you to read the work.

"I suppose you have enjoyed much the visit of ——. Is it not delightful to be with those who have similar tastes and principles?

"It seems to me, I have never thought so much of the frivolity of the general intercourse of society as I have since I have been sick. I wish you were here to spend a quiet afternoon with me.

"If I write but little, my heart is warm towards you, and always will be.

"Yours affectionately,

"C. E. J."

Slowly but surely the disease progressed, causing constant pain, and, at times, extreme suffering. The last time that she was able to attend the services of public worship was in October, 1851, during the Annual Convention of Unitarians, held that year in Portsmouth. She often longed to attend church, and yearned for the quickening, soothing influences derived from the social religious services, which the mere reading of a sermon, however impressive, can rarely impart; but this privilege was withheld from her through her long sickness.

The nervous suffering incident to the disease, increased by the inability to take any exercise; the long, sleepless, restless nights; and the physical exhaustion that followed, rendering any continued mental application impossible, — this only increasing the difficulty, — were far harder to bear than any amount of actual, acute pain. "All the *pain* that I have suffered," she once said, "great as it has been, has been nothing in comparison with this nervous restlessness, which I cannot describe, and the haunting fear that my mind is growing weak as my bodily

powers decay. *This* is the hardest trial to bear with true submission."

Every kindness which the most watchful parental love could render, every alleviation which medical skill or wealth could procure, every attention from friends near and distant, soothed and cheered the sufferer; but no human power or friendship could prevent the slow but sure progress of the disease, or give sleep and rest during the long, wearisome, wakeful nights. Kind and devoted attendants were ever with her; and to those who so faithfully ministered to her, month after month and year after year, she became strongly attached, always speaking of them with love and kindness; while the closing weeks of her life evinced how truly, on their part, such attachment was reciprocated.

Six years passed slowly on, little change taking place in the mere outward life of the invalid. During a part of the time, she was able to ride a short distance each day; but even this exercise became at length too great for her enfeebled frame. Though entirely excluded from the outer world, and often unable for days in succession to see even her nearest friends, her social sympathies continued true, warm, and active; and the ready jest, the playful repartee, the amusing anecdote, made her a cheerful friend to all. Thoughtfulness for others marked many a day of weariness; and when most would have considered themselves excused, by pain and weakness, from attempt-

ing any pursuit, she would paint a flower, or make some fancy article for a friend, or write, if only with a pencil, a note of kind remembrance. The following were written at this period: —

"JAN. 1, 1856.

"MY DEAR ———, I cannot too warmly express my thanks for the beautiful present, this morning received; one of your proofs of love, for which I am truly grateful. Truly, no friendship is lasting but that which points to another home; and I hope and believe that ours is of that nature. I trust my long confinement will not be misused; but that, if health is granted me again, I may labor with you and with all true laborers in my Master's vineyard *more* earnestly than before. Would that we could feel more deeply, that this life is but the short *preparation*-season for a higher and better! Strengthen and encourage my oft-failing purposes.

"Your affectionate C——."

"OCT. 20, 1856.

"I was extremely sorry that I could not see you this afternoon; but I was weary and nervous. I wanted to talk with you. . . . Life is sometimes so wearisome, that, I am sure, both physical and spiritual wants urge us to seek comfort and consolation where alone they *can* be found, — above. My own life, of late, has been a suffering one; but still I feel that it has been *good* for me to have been thus afflicted. My patience and fortitude have at least been tried and strengthened. . . . There are many sacrifices a confirmed invalid must always be making: still, I try to feel that all is for the best. It is a great blessing to be able to do good, consciously and actively. You have my constant sympathy.

"Yours affectionately."

Kind gifts were often bestowed in secret; and the desire to do good grew strong and deep, as the ability for active labor lessened. She took much interest in the effort perseveringly made by a few ladies to introduce sewing into some of our public schools; and also contributed to the support of a private school, devoted solely to the teaching of this essential branch of female education. "Ah! you do not appreciate the blessing of being able to labor *actively* for others," she once said. "You would not find me so often occupied with painting and fancy-work, if I had strength for any higher exertion: but I am glad to do even this; it makes me forget my pain." But the following lines express more truly her secret thought: —

"'Eager for work, God knows, my day with waiting wears,
And I bring nothing home at eventide;'
When, lo! the Spirit to my murmurs cried, —
'Seest thou how the father for his children cares?
Some wakening unto toil before the early dawn,
He scarce thinks gain enough e'en when the light is gone;
But for the little ones the choicest garden reaps,
Bids them rejoice, consoles them when they weep,
And finds serenest pleasure when they sleep; —
So the dear Lord above his larger household keeps:
For some he will reward for labor; other some,
As dear as all the rest, he keeps for love alone.'"

The trial it caused her to give up, one after another, her favorite pursuits, and all close application and study, few knew. Yet, even at this time, she read

many works on political economy and moral philosophy: for her mind constantly craved new food for thought and reflection; and such books as often form the amusement of the invalid possessed few attractions to her.

When she was able to see her friends, young or old, she welcomed them with pleasure, and entered into their joys and trials with a true sympathy; forgetful, for the time, of her own privations. She was not unmindful of the many blessings vouchsafed to her, and often expressed the wish that every sufferer possessed the comforts granted to her so abundantly. Her mental resources were a constant support, and the inflexible power of her will prevented her from yielding to the enervating effects of such protracted and severe suffering.

For months, and even years, the hope of at least a partial restoration to health and activity led her to seek with eagerness the slightest prospect of relief, though she was early aware that the power of walking, as in former years, would be a blessing denied to her. "Still I shall be able to enjoy and do much," she would sometimes say; "and, if my mind is only capable of exertion, I will not repine."

The interest she continued to take in literary and artistic pursuits, even to the last few months of her life, and the clearness, brightness, and activity of mind evinced amid all her sufferings, will be evident from the following letters, which derive additional

interest from the fact that they were among the last ever written: —

"JAN. 21, 1857.

"Your kind letter was duly received; and I should have answered it ere this, had my health permitted. . . .

"I suppose that your last volume will permit you some range in the fields of classic English literature; and perhaps you might select some pieces from each reign, beginning with Elizabeth. You could not, surely, neglect the prince of poets, — Shakspeare; nor, later, those peers in philosophical poetry, — Milton and Wordsworth. I like some selections from the comic dramatists; as, for instance, from the 'School for Scandal,' 'She Stoops to Conquer,' &c.; and I remember with what interest I read, as a child, Parnell's 'Hermit,' and the story of 'Le Fevre.' The great difficulty would be to me, not what to select, but what to exclude.

"You remark, very truly, that English descriptions are not applicable to American objects, even if they bear the same name. The American bluebird is most like the English robin in its habits; yet a child would only think of our robin, in reading the English description, because it bears the same name. There is the same difficulty in regard to the cuckoo: our cow-pen bunting answers most to the English description; and, sweet as are Wordsworth's and Logan's descriptions, I do not know how they could be used on that account. There are, however, many birds described, that can be used. The English sky-lark is very like the American; and you will recollect Hogg's sweet song, and Wordsworth's and Shelley's incomparable poems. Wordsworth has also a pretty poem on the wren's nest and the thrush. But I hope you will not entirely neglect the nightingale, the references to that bird are so numerous and beautiful, although there is no American bird exactly

like it. Our mocking-bird is, as Audubon says, superior to it in the variety and sweetness of its tones; and you might copy his description in a note. Can I ever forget my pleasure in reading Crashaw's translation of Strada's duel, so rich in imagery and diction, or Keats's sweet ode to the love-lorn bird? Cowper has also noticed many animals; and you will recollect Miss Baillie's pretty poem to her kitten.

"It is even more difficult to translate English plants than animals to our shores; for I should ignore the daisy, as it describes nothing to an American child. But violets and roses are common to both climes; and I remember some pretty love-songs to the rose, beginning with Lovelace and Fanshawe.

"Our American poets are sadly neglectful of nature; but Bryant has some verses to the 'Fringed Gentian;' Miss Gould, to the 'Trailing Arbutus:' and there are many to the 'Forget-me-not,' although that is an exotic, and probably unknown to most of those who write about it. New Hampshire boasts some few ladies who have paid attention to the rarities of her stony soil, as you may see by looking over 'The New-Hampshire Book;' and one lady has ventured to sing the praises of the burdock.

It is singular how much the early English poets loved and praised the marigold: —

'The marigold that goes to bed with the sun,
And with him rises weeping.'

'Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheathed their light,
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.'

'Hark! the lark,' &c.
'And winking marybuds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
And every thing that pretty bin, —
My lady sweet, arise!'

And you will remember Beaumont and Fletcher's beautiful verses, where this flower is mentioned, beginning —

> 'Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
> On which the bower of vain-delight was built,' &c.

Again: —

> 'The early morn lets out the peeping day,
> And strews his path with golden marigolds;
> The moon grows wan, and stars fly all away,
> Whom Lucifer shuts up in wonted folds.'

You will also remember Keats's pretty invocation to this flower, and the lines commencing —

> 'When, with a serious musing, I behold
> The grateful and obsequious marigold.'

The marigold is only *one* of the flowers so carefully noted and so exquisitely painted by the English poets.

"A few words more, and I have done, if you have proceeded so far as this. . . . Poetry is my passion, and, I believe, my talent, although I have written very little, and published scarcely any thing; for I know nothing of publishers or editors."

"April 1, 1857.

"I wish to write to you to-day; for my health has been so poor lately, that I fear it may be worse, — and then adieu to every thing agreeable! . . .

"What can I say with regard to your selections, when I do not know the limits of your work, and when, after all, it must be so much a work of taste? You ought to have enough that is new to make it fresh and taking, and enough that is old to defy criticism. Of course, you cannot expect to take in *all* that is good and interesting.

"I scarcely dare mention the marigold again; for I must confess I do not know who wrote the piece. I have a fancy that it is from Quarles; but I have not his works, — so I cannot discover. It is *one* of the poems of the old English

poets; and I looked through Herrick and others for it in vain. The truth is, that I should not have quoted it, if I had not thought that you would know the author. The real marigold has, as you say, a disagreeable odor: but the color is very rich; and then it opens to the sun, and turns all day to the god, closing at sunset; and, at sunrise, the dew lies much more thickly upon its leaves than upon other flowers. The dandelion is prettier, with its soft, feathery centre; but I do not think it so rich. I think the marigold was held sacred to the Virgin in old times, as its rays were presumed to resemble those around the head of the Madonna.

"It seems to me, that you, as well as other tourists, rather depreciate our scenery; but I suppose it requires not only education and leisure, but a life-long acquaintance with natural objects, really to appreciate such. I was born in the country, and a good portion of my young life was passed at my grandmother's farm in Deerfield. The house was situated on high ground, in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills; and many a morning have I watched the sunrise, gilding the horizon miles and miles away. I know all the trials and exertions of a poor New-Hampshire farmer, who lives, as they say, by 'selling his disadvantages;' and I think that the poverty and endurance of this life has endeared it to me, or rather that it has made me more attentive to the surroundings.

"The warm, showery days of old England cannot be more lovely than our days in June; and what can equal our October weather, when the air is like exhilarating gas? while all allow that our foliage surpasses that of Europe in its variety and richness. Then our skies — tell me what can compare with them, in their ever-varying clouds, changing as rapidly in form as in color? The sky, as an object of beauty and poetry, is open to every man on earth; and I am sure that no artist should ever be weary in studying it.

Sometimes I imagine that some portions of its shifting panorama are made for me alone, as no eye but mine may look upon them; and positively, in my selfishness, I do not always call attention to sky-scenery which is exceedingly beautiful, as I want to keep it all to myself.

"I have been reading lately Comte's 'Traité de Législation,' and like it very much, — so much so, that I began to take notes of the volume upon slavery; but my sisters protested so strongly against the exertion, that I was obliged to desist. I shall procure White's 'History,' if I go away; and I think that this summer I shall attend principally to botany.

"Whenever you have leisure, you may be assured that I shall be most happy to hear from you. I have but little to offer in return; but my gratitude may be some poor compensation.

"Yours truly, "C. E. J."

"May 8, 1857.

"Your kind remembrance was duly received; and you will please accept my most grateful thanks for it.

"I like the selections very much, and think them extremely poetical and beautiful. Religious poetry is often tame, unpoetical, and bigoted; and I presume that it is a difficult kind of composition, after the perfect models we have in the Psalmists.

"One of my friends sent me lately some French philosophical works to read: but my physician absolutely forbade any thing of the kind, and will not permit me any books but natural history or botany; so that, of necessity, I have taken up with reading the history of insects. I have, of course, a feminine dislike to bugs, and can make as much fuss as any one over a spider; but I have been delighted with the ingenuity and skill of the curious little creatures I have studied. It seems to me that the labors of a naturalist

are exceedingly cheering and pleasing. There is always a certain anxiety and doubt about our speculations in philosophy, and even in social questions; but we are satisfied with the perfect lives and labors of animals. I have procured a beautiful edition of White's 'Natural History of Selborne.'

"The wild-flowers have come; and you cannot imagine how much I wish for better health to paint them. I have painted an arbutus; which is a lovely flower, fresh as the Spring herself. I scarcely dare look forward to the beautiful butterflies: but you know that hope never deserts us; and, notwithstanding my suffering nights, I am quite gay in the morning.

"Truly yours, ———."

"JULY 6, 1857.

"Please accept this little bouquet as a remembrance from my garden. I have wished, two or three times, to send you some wild-flowers; but they faded too quickly. I hope that you will indulge in some recreation in the country this summer. I wished a change extremely for myself; but my destiny has forbidden thus far.

"I have had, however, a fine treat lately, in painting some magnificent moths. There are so many things to paint, a painter never wishes to die. I do not know that it is exactly right for me to say that I could live happily for a thousand years with these pleasing amusements; but you will understand me.

"Please excuse the pencil, as I cannot write with a pen to-night.

"Yours, &c. ———."

The winter of 1856–7 passed without bringing the expected accession of strength; and, early in the spring, it was evident to her physician and her nearest friends, that the new form the disease had

assumed must terminate life, — probably in a few months, certainly within a year. Her sufferings for weeks and months were extreme; yet, in the intervals of pain, there was so much of brightness and elasticity of spirit, and so ready an interest in the little events of daily life around her, as often to deceive the eye of affection, and to lead one to forget that her course on earth was so nearly run.

She was not, however, self-deceived; and, from brief remarks made from time to time, we believe that all hope of recovery gradually faded from her mind, and that, for several months, she was aware of the approaching fatal termination of her disease, though she seldom expressly referred to it.

The following poems appear to have been composed within the last few months of her life; the second being written in a very faint, trembling hand, and being the last words ever traced by her pen: —

DEATH.

"Pain-killing Death, chief of the angels, come!
As the king's herald bids war's tumults cease,
With the sweet majesty of one bringing peace;
Come in such state to our sufferer, come!
Rich with the promise of joys evermore,
As of past pleasures long gone before;
And, as men hail who may truce-bearing come, —
Men who scarce glory of victories won,
When the gray twilight makes all look undone,
Seeking repose, — so blest to the weary, come!
And, though harsh thy trump, the ear soon shall own
How sweet angels echo thy voice round the throne."

"I shall lie down in the grave. None will toil for me,
While I, beneath the mould, unchanged one garment wear;
And still the scene will vary, and I shall not see;
And sweetest sounds will mingle, and I shall not hear.
In silence and in rest I shall be hid from sight, —
Hid from the loveliness which was once my delight;
And hearts as dear as mine will beat with love and joy.
O'er faces that I love, the shades of grief will steal;
And wrongs will grow: but wrongs I loathe, Truth will destroy;
And I, changed into dust, shall neither know nor feel
Of bitter fate. O earth! how could I yield my breath,
How die, if heaven were not the dear reward of death!"

Throughout this long period of slow decline, as the outward form faded, the spirit was renewed day by day. Her belief in God's providential care and love grew deeper and stronger; and her trust in the Father's mercy, as manifested in the life and death of Christ, and in the assurance of immortality confirmed by his resurrection, became, more and more, her support and hope.

She rarely spoke of her deeper feelings, save when an opportunity occurred of being alone with a single friend; and then there sometimes seemed a slight distrust in the free expression of her religious thoughts and purposes, lest she should utter more than she really felt.

For several years it had been her wish and determination to unite with the church, and openly to express her faith in Christ, through the simple yet deeply significant rites of the Saviour's own appointment. She felt that it was a duty and a privilege

thus to follow his example, and obey his dying request; and she wished thus to bear open and free testimony to the reality of her faith, and her gratitude for the infinite love pledged for her support and guidance.

"Should I ever recover, it will be the first act that I shall perform; for I feel that it is the least testimony I can bear to the love and truth of Christ," she once remarked. Yet, month after month, the execution of this purpose was postponed, partly from the lingering hope that she might yet again be enabled to attend church, and there unite with Christian friends in these holy rites, and partly from the fear that others might regard the act of self-consecration as the result of mere temporary excitement, caused by long sickness. Mere emotional states never furnished her standard of self-judgment; and the depth and sincerity of her faith were evinced by the calm fortitude and self-possession of her closing days rather than by any strong expression of feeling.

Week by week, one after another of her pursuits and occupations had to be given up; limb after limb lost its wonted power; the easy-chair, in which she had often found relief from a reclining posture, was left vacant; and, for several weeks, she was confined almost wholly to her bed, unable to move save by the assistance of the skilful, devoted, and unwearied care of her mother or nurse.

On the Friday morning preceding her departure, after a restless night, she called one of her sisters to her side, and expressed the wish to see her friend and pastor, Dr. Peabody. "I wish," she said, "to be baptized, and to receive the communion. I have long thought of it, but, for the last few weeks, have been too weak to bear the excitement of the service; and this morning, when I awoke free from pain, it seemed as if I heard God's voice speaking to me, commanding me thus to do."

The solemn service was performed in the presence of her parents and sisters, her only brother not having arrived from New York. At its close, she expressed her satisfaction in having been enabled to fulfil the long-cherished wish of her heart, and, toward evening, remarked, "I have had a peaceful day."

The next three days were a period of the greatest suffering. Once she remarked, "How much patience I need!" And it was evident that she was striving to bear with quiet submission whatever God should appoint.

During the previous week, she had requested her writing-desk, work-basket, paintings, &c., to be brought to her bedside, and, with her own hand, arranged all, as if fully conscious that she was putting them away for ever, and that her emaciated fingers would never again take the well-used pen or pencil. She also gave directions for the arrangement of her books and drawers; and then seemed quietly, and in

full consciousness, to be awaiting the closing hour. Yet, amid all her protracted and weary sufferings, there was no longing for death as a mere release from bodily pain and infirmity, — rather a shrinking from it; for there was a strong innate love of life, which led her to cling to this world so long as any power of enjoyment or improvement remained. She felt that there was much to live for, mentally and spiritually, — much to do both for her own improvement and for the benefit of others. Her ties to life were strong: for she had never known the desolation of the earthly household; and her removal made the first void in the little home circle, for so many years undivided. The first-born of earth was to be the first-born inhabitant of heaven, — the first to repose on the Saviour's breast.

On Monday night, she asked to have something read or repeated, to make her forget her sufferings; and, when her mother commenced the lines, —

> "When I can read my title clear
> To mansions in the skies," —

and then paused to see if she listened to the words, she immediately took up the verse, and repeated the entire hymn. She also spoke of near and dear friends, and of the constant kindness received throughout her long sickness. Towards morning, her sufferings increased; and at seven o'clock on Tuesday, Dec. 1, she ceased to breathe; and the spirit, so long fettered

to the worn and weary body, was kindly and for ever released.

> "Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
> We would not weep for thee:
> One thought shall check the starting tear;
> It is — that thou art *free*."

Loving hands closed her eyes, and sweet and fragrant flowers were strewn around her by those dear to her in life. A cross of flowers lay upon her breast, emblem of that cross of suffering so long and nobly borne, and of that divine power through which alone the victory was won. No gloomy darkness filled the room: but, surrounded by the beautiful flowers she had loved so well, she lay as in a quiet slumber; every trace of pain and suffering having passed from her countenance, now speaking only of calm repose.

At such an hour, to what voice can we listen, save to His who has for ever given the victory over death, saying, "Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die"? To whom can the sorrowing turn for comfort and support, save to Him who wept at the grave of his friend, and who says to every grief-stricken heart, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest"? Where shall the soul look for tender and holy sympathy under the burden of desolation and sorrow, save to Him who through his cross, as well as by his lips, has assured us, that it is through suffering that the soul is perfected, — is made strong, patient, trust-

ful; and who gently whispers, "Let not your heart be troubled: in my Father's house are many mansions"?

On Friday, December 4, the mortal form was borne to its last quiet home, and placed where the pure and holy light of the early morning, and the calm, still shadows of the sunset hour, should rest upon the spot; and should alike, in their blended tones of hope and calm repose, lift the heart above the clouds of earth, to where there is no night and no parting, and where the believer's home is ever radiant with the light of God's eternal love. Flowers were placed upon the grave, as if the lost of earth were henceforth to be associated with the beautiful creations she had loved so well; and a voice seemed to breathe through the pure, clear air of that bright winter's afternoon, "She is not here: she is risen." New fields of thought, new spheres of duty, new and deeper experiences of the depth of God's wisdom and compassion, and of the Saviour's tender love, are now opened to her enlarged, adoring sight. Purified from earth, she stands, we trust, among those who, having come "out of great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

The influence of such a character ceases not with the mere earthly existence; for it bears within itself a vitality and a power which must and will endure, quickening and elevating other hearts, and imparting

a firmer faith in God, in Christ, and in immortality; while, to those nearest and dearest in the now broken home-circle, her voice will ever whisper, in blended tones of loving earnestness and gentle entreaty, "Come up hither."

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF NIEBUHR.

In this age, few or no memoirs are written; and biographies have become mere autobiographies, in which the subject of the memoir speaks for himself through his letters and writings, while the duty of the biographer is confined to hanging these together on a chronological thread with a few explanatory remarks. This manner of writing biography has its advantages; for the biographer does not mould the life of another to suit preconceived theories, or make it the medium of ungrounded prejudices; and the few facts stated are true. But it has disadvantages. Every man's life has manifold relations. He has domestic and social connections; a past and a present, with their amount of cultivation, and their living principle of progress. All these go to develop his reason, and to awaken the emotions of his heart. But such influences need an interpreter in his public acts and his writings.

Again: a man's writings are often the result rather of an intellectual conviction than the persuasion of the moral nature. For instance, how many sceptics have led pure and honorable lives, in spite of their false theories! It is supposed, indeed, that a man's letters are a sufficient indication of his domestic life, and his principles of conduct. But

they are, at best, only a faint delineation of his life, full of professions without action, generally on subjects of local interest; and the man himself lives, as it were, behind them. If we had all the letters that Dr. Johnson ever wrote, should we know half as much of his littleness and greatness as we do from the random, undistinguishing notes of Boswell? Do we not feel that we should know more from an hour's conversation with a friend, — in which his eye, his voice, his manner, all his personalities, talk to us, — than we should from years of correspondence? Modern biography neglects the desire we feel to know the man as well as the writer; and appears to consider them as in no way distinct, or as throwing no light upon each other.

We were induced to make these remarks on reading the Life of Niebuhr, the great Roman historian, although the biography is unusually good of its kind. But we could ill spare an incident from so good and noble a life, especially as Niebuhr found the inspiration for his labors in his domestic relations, and as they influenced his opinions and progress in a remarkable degree. We only wish the book were accessible to the general English reader.*

Barthold George Niebuhr was born August 27, 1776, at Copenhagen. His father was the celebrated traveller, as remarkable for simplicity of character as he was for his perseverance and his shrewdness of intellect. Niebuhr once said, in speaking of his father and himself, that two literary men were hardly to be expected in one family, and that he had no hope of his own son's becoming a third. It is cer-

* This was written before the announcement of the English translation.

tainly true that the higher orders of genius — the poets, painters, and orators of the world — are to be predicted from no family: yet a large measure of intellectual power often characterizes one family for centuries; as, for instance, the Coruncanii at Rome, who were always as noted for their legal attainments as the Valerni for democratic principles. Niebuhr was right in thinking that his own peculiar gifts could not be entailed.

But to return: his mother was the daughter of a distinguished Thuringian physician, an amiable, affectionate, yet timid woman; and Niebuhr inherited her disposition, as well as his father's clearness of intellect. In 1778, the family removed to Meldorf in South Ditmarsch, which, like many other cities in Germany, had been distinguished for its resistance to the encroachments of the feudal lords. In Niebuhr's day, it retained privileges properly of Roman origin; and he often referred his quick appreciation of the institutions of Rome to his knowledge of the old Ditmarsch constitutions and laws. The country was low, marshy, uncultivated, and unhealthy; and the gloomy, lifeless scenery inspired no love for the beautiful, either in nature or art, — a want which Niebuhr felt and lamented in after-years.

In his childhood, young Niebuhr showed great powers of mind; and his naturally delicate constitution was impaired by his studies, the unfavorable climate of Ditmarsch, and the injudicious petting of his mother, so that it was not until late in life that he enjoyed a tolerable degree of health. Both parents looked forward to a literary career as the only course for their son, without consulting his tastes or constitution; and they early commenced a forcing process, from which no one but Niebuhr would have recovered. This

purely intellectual education was extremely one-sided; and, to the last day of his life, he regretted the want of the simple religious faith which is the most precious legacy that childhood leaves to manhood and old age. Neither Niebuhr's father, nor he himself in later years, seemed to know, that the soul has a latent growth, and is jealous of constant watching; like a tree which can need only freedom, air, and a judicious protection, to attain to its natural perfect beauty; but which, by constant pruning and training, will become only a hot-house wonder, or the dwarf curiosity of the garden.

In 1792, he was sent to Hamburg to study under Professor Büsch. This was his first separation from home; and he was afflicted with such a bitter home-sickness, that his father unwillingly consented that he should return. "Never," he afterwards wrote, "can I forget those days; nor dare I remember them."

In 1794, he went to Kiel to study, where more enlarged views and more agreeable circumstances prevented a return of the acute suffering that had distressed him at Hamburg. Here he became acquainted with Professor Hensler, a man of knowledge and feeling, with whose family he afterwards became connected by marriage. Philology and history thus early became his favorite studies; but his nervous system was so intensely excitable, and his imagination so vivid, that it was doubtful if he would not become a mere enthusiast. It is true, indeed, that youth is the season of Utopian dreams: and it is well that it is so; for, as Lord Erskine says, "every young man should begin as a radical, as at all events he will end as a conservative." Age comes but too soon to clip the wings of hope, and to steal the coloring from the sky that wooes its giddy wing. But Niebuhr

had not only the confident faith and aspirations of youth, but he had also acquired a habit of vague revery, in which the soul acts as the somnambulist moves, in a kind of waking sleep, — a sleep which exhausts the powers of the body and mind. We remember that Dr. Channing regrets having had a similar habit in his youth. We fear that it is only too common with the studious, when nature is unwisely taxed, and it points to physical exertion as the best restraint on the too-exuberant fancy. After long years of courageous effort, Niebuhr was scarcely able to conquer this idle habit. But nothing could be more beautiful than his life as a son and brother. He regarded his parents with the most devoted, affectionate reverence; and there is something truly charming in his simple letters to them. In 1794, he wrote from Kiel, "In seven weeks I shall see you. I think with joy of the time, and with still greater joy of the day when I shall be more worthy of you. Believe me, I have thought, in some moments of regret, that it would be better for me, even if it gave me pain, not to see you for the present, but to wait until I am more deserving. But now I trust you will receive me tenderly, with the conviction that I did what I could, and that I bring a little more home with me than I carried away." He writes freely of all his plans and his acquaintances; and we are amused at his simplicity in speaking of his introduction to Amelia Behrens, afterwards his wife: —

"Although I appear to disadvantage in other company, it is worse every day with me in the eyes of women; for, out of mere shyness, I cannot easily talk to women: and, since I believe myself intolerable to them, they are disagreeable to me. But yesterday I took courage, and ventured to talk to Madame Hensler, and Amelia Behrens, her sister. I should be unthankful and dis-

honest, if I did not own that they were sufficiently well disposed towards me to make me trust them, if my shyness were not so deeply rooted."

In 1796, he received and accepted the proposition from Count Schimmelman, the Danish minister of finance, to become his private secretary; and immediately entered into a world of business and gayety. He always regretted that he had so early left a student's life; yet this course seems to have been best for a mind already absorbed by ideal fancies, and was the wisest preparation for an historian of the intricate civil as well as political relations of a great people. He saw many strangers at Schimmelman's house. His own life was essentially practical and active; but he was far from being happy. His time was dissipated by the hollow yet polished gayety of courtiers, and he found no sympathy in his earnest hopes and plans for improvement. Schimmelman himself attracted his warmest love and admiration; but he was less pleased with his wife, who seemed to think that her station gave her paramount claims upon his attention. To escape the distraction of Schimmelman's house, he accepted the office of librarian to one of the libraries in the city; but he finally left his employer, and set sail, in June, 1798, for London. He hoped, by a long stay in England, to improve his knowledge of the language and institutions of one of the most important States in Europe; and he trusted that the practical life of the English would happily correct the excessive idealism of his own character. Nor was he mistaken. He had become betrothed to Amelia Behrens, in whom sweetness was blended with a gentle dignity. Niebuhr said that she was his ideal of a Roman woman in the best days of the republic. Thenceforward there was one object on which his heart could rest in the fullest con-

fidence and sympathy, and his character grew in manliness and self-dependence. Indeed, Niebuhr's inspiration arose from his heart; and he acknowledged that he needed no other impulse to labor, and no other reward, than the genial sympathy of his wife.

In his letters from England, he constantly complains of the hollowness of society, and the apparent want of feeling in the relations of life. It was, indeed, but an apparent want; and age has nothing more to regret than that it has lost the power of using those ready expressions of feeling which are the peculiar grace of childhood. Young Niebuhr made his own aims too often the standard for others, and was surprised at their want of sympathy; and there was an impatient longing for an ideal which he scarcely comprehended himself, but which, fortunately, later in life, changed into a serious purpose, rather than the vain striving for the immediate possession of an object. His labors, however, were indefatigable at the universities and in his study.

He proposed to himself, as he writes, "to obtain a more accurate idea of the constitution of England; an extensive knowledge of its topography; an acquaintance with the common measures, weights, prices, &c.; information of the character, talents, and life of distinguished people; of learned institutions, schools, and education; of the mode of living among different conditions of life; of the taxes; of the army and fleet; of banks and business; of the whole literature; of writers; of the trade in books; of the East and West Indies." This is but a general sketch of an immense labor he performed in detail. Nowhere could he have better prepared himself for the history of Rome than among a free people, restrained by an intelligent, powerful,

and brave aristocracy. In 1799, he returned to Copenhagen, where he soon after received the office of assessor in the financial department of the bureau for the East Indies, and at the same time a secretaryship, and the head post in the department for African affairs, — offices which demanded great labor, and for which he received but a small salary. But his desires were humble; and, in May, he married Amelia Behrens. He regarded married life as the most sacred of relations, and the highest earthly incentive to improvement.

A short time previously to his marriage, he wrote to Amelia, "My dear Amelia, I enjoy my happiness with feelings which are not unworthy of your love. Henceforth, idleness and mere inactivity will not be possible; for, with a firm and calm mind, and with a consciousness that I have the capacity and the strength for labor, my hope, my animation, will grow young again, on whose strength the exercise of all that is noble and good depends. A life in the soul, — that is the only thing which can make me entirely happy." Again: he wrote to Madame Hensler, "Amelia's heavenly being and her spiritual love raise me above the earth, and separate me, in a certain manner, from life."

The young married couple lived in a quiet, simple way, much by themselves; and in his golden hours of leisure, which sometimes did not come until late at night, Niebuhr industriously pursued his studies in history and philology. In those days of hope and peace, his mind had a clearness and energy for which after-years gave but a poor equivalent in greater knowledge and maturer wisdom. He acquitted himself of the duties of his office with credit, and the government was not slow to reward and

claim the services of so rare a servant. After repeated offers for change, he finally accepted from the Prussian government a post in the financial department, and arrived at Berlin in October, 1806. But Copenhagen had been the home of his early married life; a laborious life, indeed, yet full of peace and joy. He had won the esteem of all classes there, and he looked forward with anxious forebodings to his change of residence. A few days after his arrival in Berlin, the disastrous battle of Jena was fought; and, from that time, court and people were like a wounded deer struggling in vain to escape from its pursuer. Niebuhr had inherited a dislike of the French, and the exactions of soldiers flushed with victory were not likely to lessen his abhorrence. He gladly labored for the unfortunate king in the duties imposed upon him; but he was opposed to every concession. Full of energy and hope, he did not perceive that the true weakness of Europe was in its decayed aristocracy, to which Napoleon struck the just yet cruel death-blow.

After the sad peace of Tilsit, Niebuhr would have retired from his public offices; but, at the express wish of the king, he went to Holland to negotiate a loan. His letters give a melancholy picture of his journey, in a severe season of the year, through bad roads, in constant terror of a lawless soldiery, among a timid, disheartened, impoverished people, while his wife was suffering from the effects of a recent fever. In such scenes he learned all the horrors of the civil wars of Rome. His mission to Holland was unsuccessful; but he passed his time profitably in acquiring an accurate knowledge of the language, laws, institutions, and literature of the country.

In 1809, he returned to Berlin. In 1810, the king ap-

pointed him professor of history in the college at Berlin in place of Müller, but requested him to assist the minister of finance, when called upon, with his counsels and labors. On the 1st of November, 1810, he commenced giving his Roman lectures. Never before had he been in a situation accordant with his tastes and his wishes. He lived in constant intercourse with such men as Savigny, Buttmann, Heindorff, and Schleiermacher; and his letters are full of satisfaction and hopeful energy. Now, as from an eminence part-way up the hill of life, he could look back with serene pity and pardon on a youth ill at peace with itself and the world, struggling with the consciousness of undeveloped power and an idle waste of energy, and burdened even by the very knowledge to which it was constantly adding. His letter to the good and noble Jacobi is a touching confession of his early faults, or rather of his peculiarity of mind. He always thought that his mind should have had an æsthetical training; but perhaps he mistook a great power of combining the facts his wonderful memory constantly presented him, for the peculiar gift of purely imaginative creation. He had no keen sense of the beauties of the fine arts, and, as he confessed himself, was almost wanting in a love of nature. His imagination enabled him to re-create the whole out of the fragments; but he lacked that divine power, which, of its own will, fashions at once the entire statue.

The disturbances in Europe again called him from his studies. For some time, he followed the movements of the court; and, in 1814, went to Holland to obtain a loan from the English government. This visit was, alas! even more sad than the first. The English ambassadors were ready in promises, but equally slow in giving loans to an impoverished

government. Amelia's cough and ill health increased; and he was obliged to return with only a partial supply of money, of which Prussia was in the greatest need.

Amid the troubles of Europe, which Niebuhr keenly felt, private afflictions weighed heavily upon him. His father died; his mother had already preceded him to her long home; Amelia's health declined; and on the 20th of June, 1815, her pure spirit returned to its Maker. She had borne him no children; and, with her, every tie to life seemed to be broken. She had entered into all his labors with the most affectionate interest. Whatever he read or wrote she always criticized, and rewarded by her approval. In all the dangers of war, she was his courageous companion; and, though anxious for his health even to nervousness, she assented to his joining the Landwehr, or National Guard. Even their want of children drew them closer to each other. There can be but one such marriage, as there can be but one youth; and, though Niebuhr was fortunate in his second marriage, he felt that the flowers which faded with life's spring could never bloom again. His letters to Madame Hensler, his life-long, faithful friend, are full of his anguish. "I have," he wrote, "a twofold loss in Amelia, — the life with her, and her love; and yet not merely that, but also an indescribable inspiration which she gave me, but of which I was not conscious. Her grave is now made: would to God that it might receive me, sweetly sleeping in the consciousness of having fulfilled my true calling!" A short time before Amelia's death, her husband asked her if he could do any thing for her. "Yes," she answered: "you shall finish your history, if I live;" and added, after a pause, "and if I do not live:" for the physician would not allow any one to speak to her of death, lest it

might excite her; and this was her only allusion to death. Niebuhr ever afterwards looked upon the completion of his history as a solemn duty he owed to her. He wrote repeatedly of the work, "I wish to begin it, even out of my duty to Amelia, although I should be convinced it would never be published." And again: "Her living participation inspired me in every thing, and always refreshed me." This sad year was crowded with labor. He devoted several hours a week to the education of the crown-prince of Prussia; wrote some political essays; corrected the geography of Herodotus; prepared an edition of the fragments of Fronto, with Buttmann and Heindorff, and a Life of his father.

The Prussian government appointed him ambassador to the court of Rome; and, while waiting for his papers, he studied the canon law, and the history of the church. This journey, to which he had looked forward all his life as its most desirable event, had, alas! lost its charm; for an eternal city beyond the grave held his heart and hopes. Before his departure for Rome, he married a niece of Madame Hensler; for he felt that existence was not endurable without a home. Yet his wife knew that Amelia's memory was sacred; and there is something extremely beautiful in the self-sacrifice which was willing to hold a second place in a heart which was dearer to her than her own life. "Often," says Lieber, "have I seen Niebuhr and his wife standing before Amelia's picture in silent contemplation; and Gretchen seems to have looked upon her as a protecting angel." Niebuhr had many plans for usefulness in Rome. He wrote, "I will search the Vatican through, and I cannot fail to make discoveries. I will seek for manuscripts, not merely in the library, but in the archives." He was disappointed. The Vatican was guarded with the utmost jealousy, and

scholars were allowed to study in it only at certain hours; nor did he find any treasures there. Most of the libraries of Italy had, indeed, been plundered by the French. He found, however, in Verona, the manuscript of the "Institutes" of Gaius, and fragments of the work of Cicero "De Republica" at Rome. His instructions did not arrive until 1821, four years after his arrival in Rome; and he was, of course, constantly annoyed by the delay. He was disgusted with the Italian people; the more so, as he constantly compared them with their nobler ancestors, and despised the shallowness and pedantry of Italian learning. At Rome, he lived in the Palazzo Orsini, or, as it is often called, Teatro di Marcello; for the palace is within the remains of the theatre built by Augustus in honor of his nephew Marcellus. Niebuhr gives a fine description of it in his letters to Madame Hensler: "The garden surrounds the house on three sides, and many windows open into it from all sides. In a basin in the garden, a stream of water from the Acqua Pola tumbles and rushes; and the wall of the garden is hidden by pomegranates, citrons, and jasmines. The chambers all lie upon a line; and when the folding-doors are open, after the Italian fashion, they appear to form a gallery, and make a beautiful perspective with the green jalousies which close the farthest chamber. From the windows, one can see the Aventine, and the beautiful Priory of Malta." A little while after, he wrote, "Yesterday and last night I passed thinking of my Amelia, and to-day (her birthday) is consecrated to the same recollections. A little while ago, I saw her in my dreams, as if she came to me after a long separation; but, as it happens in dreams, I could not tell if she again lived on the earth, or only visited it a while. She received me as if after a long absence; and asked

eagerly after the child, which she made them bring to her." The child was his son Marcus, who was born after his arrival in Rome. Five children were there born to him, and he was extremely attached to them. "One could have nothing to regret with them," he wrote, "unless a greater good has been lost." Here, on the tombs of the Cæsars, he constantly toiled to obtain a clearer idea of the institutions of old Rome; not a mere æsthetic knowledge, but such a personal, intimate knowledge as we have of the country of our birth and our education: and he constantly made discoveries in the old buildings, in fragments of lost works, in the tenure by which the Italians held their lands, and even in the language itself. He lived in the most friendly union with the poor artists of Rome, and readily assisted them with his purse and his pen; and his interest in the wants of suffering humanity constantly increased. Indeed, what was egotistical in his character gradually disappeared, and a beautiful warm benevolence took its place. He was especially favored in his near connections; for his secretary was the noble, good Bunsen, afterwards ambassador, whom Dr. Arnold mentions as a man in whom there was no guile: and he seemed to have an affectionate regard for the Pope, and his minister of state, Cardinal Consalvi. Yet a sadness runs through all his letters, even in his gratitude for his many blessings, — the sadness of past joys and of disappointed hopes.

It is idle to say that the constant, overstrained exertions of the man of genius can make him equally happy with the peaceful, patient labors of the men of common mind, who look forward to their harvest with the sober certainty of success. Genius is almost always but another name for the excess of some one power; and to this peculiarity of intel-

lect is generally united a peculiar physical development. Besides all this, society, by praise or neglect, eagerly favors an education which increases the evil, and makes the lives of most men of genius a true sacrifice for humanity. Not but that there may be greatness as a whole, such as Shakspeare had in mind, or Washington in character; but these instances are infrequent, and the humble may look with indifference on the crowns such martyrs wear.

Niebuhr was one of these children of sorrow; for he had a peculiarly sensitive physical organization, as well as marked characteristics of mind; and his education had increased a natural tendency to criticism, and prevented him from having that trusting religious faith for which he longed, and which would have enabled him to labor peacefully and happily, satisfied with the future reward promised to all who faithfully use their talents. There are many such disciples as Thomas, to whom the living presence is not vouchsafed, but who will find, in a blessed hereafter, all their longing fears and doubts satisfied.

Gradually Niebuhr became resigned to the loss of Amelia. After six years' absence from Germany, he determined to return; for his wife was constantly ill, and her last hope of restoration to health was in her native air. But he had lived so long in Italy, it had been for so many years the theme of his thoughts, and was itself not only so richly endowed with recollections, but so greatly blessed by nature, that he left it with something of the tender regret with which one leaves a fatherland. His connection with the Papal court had been agreeable and successful. He may have erred sometimes in imagining that there could be a sincere union between Catholics and Protestants; but it was the error of too kind a heart, and is easily pardoned.

Lieber's reminiscences refer only to the time of his sojourn in Italy, and they add a few touches to the picture already painted in his letters. We only wish we had room to give some of those charming domestic scenes, in which the man and father is best seen in his affectionate anxiety for the happiness of every one around him, his unceasing labors for their improvement, and his sensitiveness to his own faults; even asking pardon of his children when he had punished them unjustly or unkindly.

In 1823, he returned to Germany, and finally settled in Bonn, where he again lectured on Roman history, and continued preparing his work for the press, correcting the volumes previously published, as he saw his way more clearly. His reputation had already spread over Europe. In France, the first editions had been rapidly sold; and, in England, Cambridge took the translation by "Hare and Thirlwall" under its especial care. But Niebuhr not only labored on Roman history: he constantly obtained light from the kindred history of Greece, and at one time had an idea of preparing a complete edition of the Byzantine writers, beginning with the works of Agathias. He was also connected with a newspaper, the "Rhenish Museum," and watched with the closest attention the progress of events in Europe; lecturing one winter in Bonn on modern history. He had an extensive correspondence, a large acquaintance; and was visited by so many curious travellers, that he entreated Lieber not to give introductions easily. Yet, amid this multiplicity of affairs, he never neglected his family; and so attentive was he to his children, that he sometimes said, repeating the remark of Lord Bacon, "that no man could hope to do any great work, with a family of children." His mind had lost its fulness of youthful energy and

originality, but had gained in steadiness of purpose; and, with his increasing years, his heart was more and more at peace, and the clouds which had so long obscured life's heaven reflected and enhanced the glory of the evening. "I have gained the power," he wrote from Bonn, "in spite of my age, of looking forward with courage; and in that I feel myself still young. That which I have lost, never to return again, makes my heart beat, and brings tears to my eyes; but I press them back. The labor of my life, so far as it is completed, gives me courage and consolation; for I know that my years have not been spent in vain." It is almost a prophetic confidence with which he always speaks of his history, never doubting for a moment of its truth. "You say," he writes to Madame Hensler, "that you have no judgment in these matters. But I dare say to you, with the greatest confidence, that he who is unjust to me in my history has no judgment in the matter; for it is very plain that any one who has examined and contemplated an object, both as a whole and in all its parts, as often as I have this, has the same advantages in it which one has in his own home against strangers." But his long, laborious life was drawing to a close. He seems to have had a foreboding of this. In the preceding winter of 1829, his house was burned down; but he was happily established in a new home, even more to his taste than the old. Yet he wrote repeatedly that he had never lived more than seven years in any one place since his childhood, and the seven years were accomplished in Bonn. A change came soon, and it was the great and final change.

On the Christmas Eve of 1830, he took a violent cold, which increased to a fever, and, from the beginning, baffled the skill of his physicians. He was composed, talking of

his history and other literary affairs, and did not seem conscious of his situation. Once only, when his wife rose from her sick-bed to see him, he said in a tone of anguish to his children, "My children, pray to God; for he alone can help you." On the night of the 2d of February, his pure and great soul, without a struggle, left its earthly tenement. Nine days after, his wife followed him. She had always been in delicate health, and grief struck the last blow.

Niebuhr's writings were original in design. Previously, Roman history had been written as if it were literally the history of a dead people; and no one had imagined that the study of the other States of antiquity or of modern times could throw any light upon the subject. Beaufort and Vico seem to have comprehended its difficulties, and the way in which they should be conquered; yet their labors rather betrayed the darkness than illuminated it.

As Niebuhr said, a statesman only could write the history of Rome; and as a statesman he wrote it. He was, besides, peculiarly gifted by nature, and had received the best education, for the task. His memory was most remarkable. He said he never forgot any thing he read. Once his wife and Madame Hensler questioned him until they were tired, by the index of Gibbon's History, in hope of some mistake or forgetfulness, but in vain. He rarely took notes from the books he read, and used none in his lectures; and it was sufficient, to fix any remark in his mind, to talk it over with Amelia. To this memory he united a wonderful power in the combination and arrangement of materials, and habits of unwearied industry. He had learned geography, literally by heart, from his father; and had great facility in acquiring languages, so that he was master of twenty. His

various connections as financier and ambassador had made him acquainted with all the public and private relations of life and business; and, as he lived at a time when all Europe was distracted by revolution, his attention was naturally turned to the traditional and written law of nations. He saw the feudal aristocracy crumbling before the awakened power of the people, and was thus better capable of understanding the contests between the patricians and plebeians of old Rome. He was himself an aristocrat; nor could he fail to be so, with the horrors of the French revolution before him, and the apparent hopelessness of the contest for freedom. Thus his knowledge of nations and governments was not obtained in the closet alone; but, while he studied, he lived with the Roman people.

None have yet ventured to criticize his History. It received the approbation of such men as Spalding and Savigny; and Dr. Arnold, the best English historian of Rome, expressed unqualified admiration of his work. It had errors of style; but there could, of course, be little elegance in a purely critical work. Yet even through the criticism the man appears. Numerous passages betray the strivings of the soul for an ideal excellence; and he sometimes speaks of the youthful life of the soul which labors in love and hope, and complains of the deadening influence of a modern scholar's life. There is nothing finer than his delicate perception of Manlius's character.

In person, Niebuhr was short, — not above five feet six inches. His features were thin and sharp; but his eyes had an expression of gayety, good-humor, and benevolence. His voice was shrill, and his manner was not agreeable in speaking. In public, and among strangers, he had the reputation

of being reserved; but, with those he loved and esteemed, he was frank and cordial, showing an affectionate interest in the labors of young students, and no jealousy of the success of his equals. He was naturally of an irritable temperament; but, at any ebullition of temper, his ready apology more than pardoned the offence.

But we should in vain attempt to show the purity, simplicity, and greatness of his mind and heart as revealed in his works and letters. Most cordially we thank his biographer for his faithful labors; and we only regret that he has so modestly narrowed his own remarks. As it is, his biography adds another to our examples of a noble, good, and useful life; an example which teaches not merely by the great works, but by the little acts of every day, and even more by the life itself.

SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF FLORENCE.

The government of Rome was established when Rome ceased to be a garrison altogether municipal. This was very natural: for after the territory of Rome had enlarged, and it was no longer limited to the possession of a few uncultivated piles; when she felt to some degree safe in her strength, and her numbers had so much increased that all were not required to guard the fortress, — then she turned her attention to the arts of peace, and consequently to the study of government. But, as her existence was for a long time precarious, this government slowly changed from the strict law of a garrison to the more lenient rule of a city. As she conquered other cities, from want of power to reduce them entirely, and from policy, she left to them most of their rights as independent cities, and bound them to herself by slight municipal ties, until, at length, the whole Roman territory was covered with cities nearly independent, which it was found necessary to unite by a more effective monarchical government. But, even under the monarchy, the municipal government was never entirely disused; and it laid the foundation for the free cities which were the links between ancient and modern freedom. During the decline and fall of the Roman empire, the cities, particularly in Italy, were called upon to

exert themselves against the barbarians. They felt their strength again, and recovered many of the rights which they had lost under the tyranny of the emperors. Italy was very favorable to the growth of the free cities. Ancient civilization had there reached its acme, and its institutions were effete when the barbarians overwhelmed it. "In the word *Roman*," says Luitprand, Bishop of Cremona, "is included all that is ignoble, timid, avaricious, lascivious, and false, and every vice that can debase the dignity of man." But the barbarians infused a new energy into the dormant mass, and, at the same time, never wholly subdued Italy. They came to Italy with barbarian tastes; and, as they found no forests and no game to gratify their savage predilections, the tide of invasion gradually rolled back. But, like the Nile, which overflows, and leaves a fertilizing sediment on its banks, they left behind them a new people to keep alive the energy which they had awakened.

In the southern part of Italy, there were many Grecian cities, which were never destroyed, and in which a population highly civilized gradually mingled with the barbarian settlers; and, in the north, the Lombard will, though intolerably fierce, was modified by time and intercourse. The records of their unhappy government are wanting, and it was an age in which all Italy was ravaged by war. Yet, in this darkness, the embryo republics were gradually forming themselves, which shone with so much lustre, especially in the northern part of Italy. The barbarians gave the Italians their strength, and the Italians taught them their institutions.

There was a long and violent struggle between long-cherished opinions and barbarian authority; but, when the emperors endeavored to impose their will upon the Italians,

they found the whole body of the people endowed with a new strength, and ready to contend with them. Men once accustomed to self-government and the use of arms are not easily subdued; and in that situation were the Italians, when the emperors sought to tyrannize over them.

The Church also was republican; for, as she was obliged to resort to the people to fill her ranks, of course her heart was with them. Then the contest of the Church with the emperors of the West was not for authority, but for life. She asked at first only for the separation of the temporal and spiritual power; and, by her position opposed to the imperial prerogative, she was ready to ally herself with the people, its natural adversaries. Superstition never had that influence in Italy which it had in the other countries of Europe. Perhaps this arose from the old leaven of Roman infidelity, but more from the fact that the Italians were near the leaders in the church, and could see more clearly into their tricks. They remembered more vividly the Church in her days of weakness, and could see that her strength rested entirely on opinion. The Church was then the friend of freedom and of the free cities, during their weakness and her own. When she would have encroached upon them in their strength, she felt herself still too feeble; and we find the free cities in the twelfth century exhibiting a courage in opposing her pretensions and encroachments, for which Germany has been lauded in the sixteenth.

Thus the cities of Italy were aided by the influence of the clergy, which was, in most instances, highly beneficial to civilization; for in all those countries where the clergy united with the barbarians, and participated in the government, — as, for instance, with the Visigoths in Spain, — the laws of the barbarians were more liberal and humane. Then the

free cities were also aided in their growth by their position. The southern part of France was as highly cultivated as Italy; the south of Germany also was inhabited by a powerful, if not a thoroughly civilized, people; and Italy was thus protected from those frequent devastations of the barbarians to which the north of France and Germany were subject. When the rest of Europe had settled into peace, the trade of the Levant naturally sought the Italian ports. This trade was very lucrative. The abundance of raw material demanded and obtained artisans; and with the increase of riches came civilization and luxury. As the Italian free cities had the start of the Germans in point of refinement as well as position, they monopolized manufactures; and, with every step, they advanced in a geometrical ratio. With their riches, they also obtained an influence in other countries. Their merchants were in every commercial city: they were honored in courts, and employed in embassies; so that Boniface VIII. said that the Florentines were the fifth element, as they were to be met with in all parts of the world.

They owed also a great portion of their influence to their banking establishments. The Italians were, in fact, the bankers of Europe. The extent and ramifications of their business were sometimes enormous. The house of Carroccio degli Alberti alone, in the tenth century, had regular banking establishments at Avignon, Bruges, Brussels, Paris, Rome, Naples, Venice, Perugia, Sienna, and Barletta. Money was worth, and obtained, an immense interest. As proof of this, there was, about 1430, an attempt made to introduce Jews into Florence, on condition that they would not demand more than twenty per cent for their money; and the bankers, although universally hated and insulted

as Lombard dogs in foreign countries, were still courted, as money, the all-powerful engine in modern governments, obtained an increasing influence. The Crusades had an important effect in enriching the free cities of Italy. They were the struggles of Europe for freedom; and, by them, some of the fetters of individual slavery were broken. In Italy, to be sure, feudalism had never obtained such hold as in the rest of Europe; but, even there, the Crusades found many vestiges of slavery, which they removed. The condition of the slaves was improved, and a general impulse was given to the cause of freedom. As the Italians were bankers, their aid was particularly needed; and we know at what price it was bought. For instance, the Crusaders were willing to attack Zara, a city belonging to a most Christian ally, in order to obtain the assistance of the Venetians.

The Italians, as expert merchants, made, in almost every instance, the best bargains; nor did the influence of the Crusades cease when Europe no longer sent forth swarms to Asia. Connections by business and relationship, which still continued, were formed with the Italian cities. Trade wonderfully increased, and many new avenues were opened. The government of most of the cities was particularly favorable to taking advantage of this trade. It had, in Florence, assumed a strictly mercantile form. Her rival, Venice, if not free, was still, by her stability, sure to attract and retain business; and Venice's greater rival, Genoa, although disturbed by faction, possessed some degree of the energy particularly favorable to mercantile success. Perhaps this improvement was only momentary. It is but too true that Italy has sunk to its present degradation by the interference of foreigners in its politics, as well as by

its own factions. Of this the Italians were sensible, and, in their early history, seem to have jealously excluded foreigners from any part in the government. They felt that such interference was particularly dangerous in cities convulsed by faction. In Florence, foreign ministers were not received, and in Venice they were watched with lynx-eyed suspicion. In this the Italians were in advance of the rest of Europe. The people — in some countries at least; as in France, for instance — in the fourteenth century, while insisting upon their right alone to grant money, left in the hands of the king all the diplomatic relations, which he well knew how to turn to the advancement of his power. Now the Crusades had the effect of increasing the numbers, and of course the influence, of foreigners in Italy; and they at length, uniting with the dominant faction, as with the Medici in Florence, were able to overturn any government. The Crusades gave an impulse to individual enterprise, and all Europe was awakened to a sense of the advantages of wealth, and the means of obtaining it. In the arts of manufacture, learned from the Italians themselves and the cities of Italy, there sprang up rivals who could compete with their teachers, having superior advantages of situation for trade, besides that of growing their own materials. This finally took away the trade which had been the strength and riches of the Italian cities, — a result still further hastened by the discovery of a new passage to the Indies, round the Cape of Good Hope.

But we wish to speak particularly of Florence, as the history of that city is more brilliant and eventful than that of the other cities. Florence shone in arts and arms, in literature and science; had an important influence in the politics of the rest of Italy and Europe, and showed

to what an extent of power even a petty state may attain by the innate force of free institutions acting upon a manly energy of character.

We have, in Florence, an example also of a victorious people enlarging their territory by war, without any real augmentation of national force. The history of Florence is like that of every republic where the government is vigorous and energetic, but where the institutions have no principle of progress; where there is liberty without personal safety, which finally becomes the prey of changing tyrants, and at last of some fortunate despot, who transmits to his family the power he has seized.

The history of Florence was particularly that of a city: there was no republic without the walls. She had no colonies in whom she could trust; but her strength arose from her union as a corporate body. It was the corporate power of her trades that brought her safely through those tempests which seemed to threaten the very existence of society. Yet that her territory was little extended beyond her walls (and, in the palmy days of the republic, it did not exceed one-third of the present dukedom) was one chief cause of her troubles, and of her decline and fall; for faction could act immediately upon the government. The temptation to revolutionize was too great, where there were no counteracting influences in a rural population attached to the government, but having interests different from those of the suburban population, and where a revolution was so easy, if not effective.

Florence is of very early date; so early, that it is lost in fable. Tacitus speaks of it as having municipal rights. Another writer, Lucius Florus, reckons it among the *municipia* sold by Sylla at public auction. It suffered with

the rest of Italy in the barbarian irruptions, and from the Lombards, who, as was their custom, probably levelled its walls. Its history during this period is uncertain; but, under Charlemagne, it again revived, and the walls were rebuilt.

There is little reason to doubt the internal freedom of most of the Tuscan cities in the eleventh century, when no efficient government existed; when the country was torn by civil war, and each town, consulting its own interests, sided either with their immediate princes the counts of Tuscany, or with the more distant emperor. We read of Lucca and Pisa carrying on a war against each other at their own will and expense; and of a Pisan expedition against the Saracens of Calabria, in the eleventh century. Much of this freedom was owing to the rulers of the house of Saxony, who endeavored to elevate the burgher-spirit, as a counterpoise to the aristocratic; and their ally, Matilda, Marchioness of Tuscany, closely united herself to the popes, in opposition to the emperors, and, by her wise and vigorous administration, established, to a certain extent, the freedom of Tuscany. The life of this woman is an epoch in Tuscan history; and, from its varied and brilliant character, is well worthy the pen of the historian and the novelist. The general form of government in the Tuscan cities was that of a certain number of consuls, at first subordinate to the counts of Tuscany, but gradually acquiring more and more power until they became independent; then the Privy Council, chosen from the Great Council, which managed the finances and foreign affairs; then the Senate, or Secret Council, usually composed of a hundred members, which prepared all public acts previous to their being offered for confirmation to the Parliament, which,

however, commonly required the confirmation of the Credensa; and, finally, the Parliament, which was the sovereign power of the nation, in which all the people assembled at the sound of the "Campana," or public bell, and discussed all national questions in the great square of the palace. Some communities, in addition to their consuls, elected ministers of war, justice, and public economy; and had no Senate, but only the Great Council composed of heads of families, and the Credensa chosen from it.

In the thirteenth century, we find, in the office of the podesta, a new feature in these governments. Frederic I. had appointed certain officers called Podestas, instead of the elective councils, as minions of his tyranny in the Tuscan cities and republics. After the peace of Constance, the cities were so unwise that they revived the office, although one cause of their rebellion arose from the oppression of these officers. The podesta was chosen from a foreign city; was always of noble family; received a fixed salary; and was obliged to remain in the city a year after his term of office expired, in order to answer all charges brought against him. He could neither marry a native, nor have any relatives in the city that chose him; nor could he eat in the houses of the citizens. These very restrictions prove the dangerous extent of his power. He was, in fact, a dictator; and we have but little confidence in the liberty of a people who argued, in defence of this officer, that he was necessarily chosen, as no citizen would dare to execute justice. They endeavored to defend themselves from his despotism by also establishing a captain of the people, who possessed some of the powers of the tribunes.

The first podestas were, indeed, wise and prudent men; but they were the precedent for such successors as Charles

Valois; and we cannot help being surprised that the republic was so long blind to the danger of intrusting one man with such authority. Yet, under this ill-adjusted government, Florence grew in riches and in power. Frugal and industrious, she was, like all republics, warlike; and her nobles were able and willing leaders, in foreign conquest or domestic strife. War was, indeed, the policy of the government; for the turbulent spirits not employed abroad were always active in mischief at home: so that Florence, even in the thirteenth century, might well have received the appellation of Pistoja, which was termed the "city of factions."

These factions sometimes arose from contentions between the nobles and middle classes; again, from those of the middle classes and the lower; and sometimes from foreign influence. There were always causes enough to create divisions, materials enough to feed them; but, in the thirteenth century, the great division of Guelph and Ghibelline overshadowed the rest. Every one knows the meaning of these names, and the cause of their rise. In Italy they took a peculiar meaning: and, after the original causes of dissension had ceased to exert an influence, the word "Guelph" was still used to express the party of popular government; and "Ghibelline," that of the aristocracy: and as the latter, by adhering to the empire, strove for an oligarchy; so the former, being attached to the church, labored for a democracy. These parties were all-powerful in Florence. This led to the most pernicious consequences: for the city was so small, that the conquerors dared not to permit the vanquished to live side by side with them; and accordingly all Italy swarmed with exiles, who were willing to purchase a return to their country at any

price, and readily leagued with Transalpine adventurers. These projects the popes always favored: for they seemed to think that their own power depended entirely on the weakness of the rest of Italy, and eagerly fomented foreign wars as the means of this weakness; forgetting that they thereby increased the strength of foreigners, and not theirs, which depended upon that of their own people; and that, when the outposts were driven in, there was more certain danger for the citadel.

In the thirteenth century, we first find the distinct recognition of the trades as a part of the government of Florence. There were seven *Arti Maggiori*, or superior trades, so called to distinguish them from the *Arti Menori*, or inferior trades, afterwards established. The *Arti Maggiori* consisted of the lawyers, the foreign-cloth merchants, the bankers, the wool-dealers, the physicians, the silk-dealers, and the furriers; the *Arti Menori*, constituted in 1292, consisted of the retailers of cloth, the butchers, the shoemakers, the masons, the carpenters, the farriers, and the locksmiths; and these twelve trades formed a united body, armed and equipped for mutual support and protection. We cannot help comparing the ancient guilds of Rome, and perhaps those of old Florence, with the great guilds of modern Florence. In Rome there were nine of them, — pipe-layers, goldsmiths, carpenters, dyers, carriers, tanners, coppersmiths, potters; and a ninth guild, common to other trades. A comparison of these guilds offers a fair commentary on the difference between ancient and modern trade.

These trades were an armed as well as a civic band. They had magistrates of their own choice, who directed all their internal business, and afterwards, under the name of the

Priors of the Arts, obtained an important influence in the government. It would be impossible to give any precise account of the Florentine form of government. Its name was *mutability*. Scarcely two years, sometimes scarcely two successive months, saw the same form. Their general constitution was, however, much like that we have already described as common to the Italian cities of the twelfth century, — first the Parliament, then the Credensa, then the Privy Council. In its early history we find two classes of people in Florence, — the nobles and the people. The nobles then willingly sided with the people, in order to protect themselves against the oppression of their masters, the counts or the emperors; but, when they had nothing more to fear from them, they very naturally began to oppress the people. Thus began the contest between a privileged aristocracy and a vigorous democracy. It ended, as all such contests must end, where the people are young and growing, and possessed of the effective wealth of the kingdom, in the ruin of the nobles. But, as it happens in most republics, reform was carried too far. While the nobles existed as a clan, they were a check upon the violence of the untrained democracy; their feelings, if not their interests, led them to respect their country and its laws, far more than the upstart merchants, who were eager to signalize their short day of power by some wonderful act, it mattered little whether for their country's good or not, provided they were only distinguished by it.

The bitterness between the nobles and the people constantly increased; and, in the thirteenth century, Florence was divided into two great classes, — the Grandi and the people; while the latter was divided into two classes, — people and plebeians; the last subdivision having no rights,

and having, virtually, every access to public distinction closed against them. When we add to these factions those of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and all the private quarrels of a people fierce and warlike in their habits, sudden and quick with the weapon, and careless of blood, we shall have some idea of the disturbed state of society in this city.

Florence was nominally a republic; but there is a great difference between the power of making good laws, and that of executing them. She had the first, but not the last. Her rulers, who were the favorites of a faction, were consequently directed by a faction; and society was in such a state, that she was compelled to be unjust to secure justice, and to be cruel to insure humanity. Yet amid this strife, and constantly embroiled in the wars of the emperors and the French with the popes, as also in the petty contests between city and city, she steadily increased in riches. Her organization in the thirteenth century, as a military city, was complete. The city was divided into six wards, or *sesti*, from which certain civil officers were chosen; and all the population capable of bearing arms were divided into twenty companies, distributed according to the size and population of each sesto, or ward; that of San Piero, for instance, having four, others having three. The Contado also was divided into ninety-six unions; each union being connected with several others, and forming what was denominated a League. Every civic company served under its own Gonfalone, or standard-bearer, round whom it rallied at the sound of the great bell "Campana," or at the command of the captain of the people.

Their arms were as various as their standards, but all were distinctly organized, and suited to one another, — cavalry,

heavy-armed infantry, archers, crossbow-men, baggage-train, and some bands of irregulars denominated *ribaldi*. By this arrangement, every sesto of the city was a military as well as a civil division; each with separate powers, interests, and resources, yet each in close union with the neighboring departments. There was, therefore, in cases of great emergency, wonderful union and celerity. When we also recollect the division of the people into trades, and that these with the standard-bearers of the companies always obtained a part in the government, we must perceive how strong and grasping was the power of the people. It is curious, indeed, to watch their gradual assumption of liberty; now hanging on the path of reform, now retracing their steps, winding and doubling; but always returning to the same path again, until the nobles were ruined. We are constantly reminded of the parent city Rome, and of the advancement of the tribunitian power until it grew into a monstrous tyranny.

We shall perhaps be more fully aware of the strength of Florence, when we remember that in the thirteenth century she could bring into the field, at a moment's warning, thirty thousand of the urban, and seventy thousand of the rural, population. Thus when, in 1384, Florence made a sudden demonstration against Arezzo, twenty thousand cavalry and sixty thousand infantry were almost instantaneously collected at one point. The military resources of the republics in the north of Italy were, at this period, truly astonishing. Milan offered Frederick II. ten thousand men to accompany him into Palestine; Bologna armed forty thousand against Venice; and the tyrant Eccelius maintained, among his other troops, a legion of twelve thousand Paduans. In the thirteenth century, the foreign trade of Florence was very flourishing.

The city had increased in size and beauty. She had produced some great men; and, among them, Dante shone like a sun: yet she was frugal and industrious, and, like the Dutch of modern times, more careful for the luxuries of others than for her own. But, with the fourteenth century, we mark a change. Transalpine influence had silently worked an alteration, and French customs had taken the place of the simple fashions of the fathers of the city. The old aristocracy had given place to the new aristocracy of purse-proud wealth. There was more extravagance in dress, entertainments, and public spectacles, and a marked increase in luxury. Yet she was as much divided as ever. Nay, by the admission of the partisans of the Bianchi and Neri factions within her walls, she added new fuel to the flames. She was still eager in foreign wars; so that Giovanni Morelli, a contemporary historian, justly exclaimed, "Make war; promote war; nourish those who foment war. Florence has never been free from war, and never will be until the heads of four leading citizens are annually chopped off on the scaffold." Private gain and the spirit of faction were the great promoters of war in Florence. The warlike spirit is perhaps incidental to all republics; but it was particularly dangerous to Florence. The great sources of her wealth were in commerce; but, during her wars, that was in a great measure suspended or disturbed; and she was often saved only by her position, the state of Europe, and the strength of a long-established mercantile government. The truth is, that, after she sought to extend her territories like Venice, she grew weaker every day. But, in the fourteenth century, she was reaching the height of her prosperity. Her aristocracy was not so oppressive as that of Venice, nor so powerful individually as

the magnates of Genoa. The people had the prestige of victory, but had not obtained it in reality.

The removal of the popes to Avignon had a powerful effect upon Italian liberty. The popes, immersed in pleasure, ceased to care so much for their own aggrandizement, and embroiled themselves less in Italian politics. Taxes were at this period, however, very heavy in Florence. "All the evils of the republic," said one of her public men, "come from past and present taxes." They were not only heavy, but unequally distributed, and fell most oppressively on the poor. But, as even these did not suffice to pay the expenses of constant war, all the ordinary sources of revenue were mortgaged; and, in 1336, a funded debt was created, the first in Europe. This produced poverty among the people. The amount of mendicity, in strong contrast with immense riches, in the city, was at this period truly astonishing; and great disorders arose, especially among the lowest classes. As is usual with governments in debt, Florence always made bad bargains, and had to pay enormous interest on the loans she obtained. Add to these evils, that all Italy, and of course Florence, was ravaged by *condottieri*, or free bands of soldiers, who, when not admitted into the city, devastated the country. These ruffians were a class of reduced gentlemen, who lived in dilapidated country-houses, and had no scruples about administering to their necessities by plunder. Add to all these evils the horrors of civil dissension, and we have but a sorry picture of Florentine happiness in the fourteenth century, in spite of growing wealth. We cannot dismiss the subject of the *condottieri* without more particular notice. Duke Werner is considered as the first leader of the band of soldiers that was ready to fight under that

banner which would best reward his services. War was to him a trade.

But perhaps this business may be referred to the Crusades for its origin. After the expeditions to the Holy Land ceased, there were large bodies of men, well trained in arms, who had lost all the habits and tastes of citizens, and who knew not how to obtain a livelihood by any other means than by arms. In the contests of Italy, these men found a field for their talents, and gladly offered themselves to the highest bidder, and were as gladly received, as the cities found their very existence threatened by the neglect of commerce and agriculture; while large portions of the country were engaged in constant war, and presented the appearance of a garrison, where every man serves his turn on guard. These soldiers had no regard for the poor people; they burned, ravaged, and destroyed at their pleasure, and were the terror of the country in peace as well as in war.

In the fourteenth century, all Italy was divided between two rival schools of arms, — the Braccesci, or those who had learned war under Braccio da Montoni; and the Sforezci, the pupils of his rival Sforza, now led by Francesco Sforza, afterwards Duke of Milan. Braccio at one time received four thousand florins from the people of Imola as the price of not burning their harvests or besieging their walls; at another time, he exacted eighty thousand from Bologna; and, after fighting for various princes, he at last obtained the lordship of Perugia and Rocca Contrada.

The history of one of these freebooters is like that of all the rest. The consequences of this system of warfare were most pernicious. The *condottieri* had, of course, no public feeling, no patriotism, in a foreign country; and, as

they fought merely for pay, they were more anxious for the continuance of war than for peace. As they were constantly changing sides, it often happened that the comrades of one campaign were the enemies of the next. From a very natural feeling of brotherhood in the combatants, the campaign was finished without the war's being brought nearer to a conclusion; and the poor people suffered the more. In one battle, not a single man perished.

The mercantile spirit in warfare infected all ranks: and fathers who were on one side permitted their sons, with their retainers, to engage on the other; as was the case with the house of Orsini in the Sicilian wars. But the most fatal effect of all is found in the fact, that the martial spirit died out amongst the natives; and they felt that their liberties were to be defended by others, not by themselves.

We have already spoken of the organization of Florence as a warlike city; but, in the fourteenth century, new strength was given to this by the formation of a magistracy called the Decemvirate of War, when it was placed in the power of ten citizens, or rather a majority of seven, to make peace or war as they chose, without being called to any account. These men could form regulations, raise contributions, and even armies, without control. The so-called freedom of Florence is truly ridiculous, after the formation of such an institution. We are reminded of the famous Council of Ten in Venice, — that fearful council, which was invested with entire sovereignty over every individual in the State, and with freedom from all responsibility and repeal; whose mysterious proceedings the public eye never pierced; and where the condemnation was as secret as the inquiry and the punishment, and undivulged like both. We are reminded of this council, from the similarity,

in its enormous abuse of power, to the Florentine Decemvirate, rather than from the nature of these offices; for the Council of Ten was properly a criminal court. But the comparison between Venetian and Florentine history is very natural. In both, an iron despotism ruled: in one it was the State; in the other, faction. "We are the law and the judge!" exclaimed one of the priors of the Arti in Florence. But in Venice there was no public voice: decrees went forth from the Sanctuary of State as from an ideal being. Popularity was unknown to her statesmen: no eye was on them, no ear heard them; and the expression of public opinion was smothered in the *Lagunes*. Everywhere was felt the power of a penetrating, unmitigated aristocracy. In her foreign policy she was equally subtle and secret. "Dead men make no wars" was her practical motto. In Florence neither thought nor tongue was shackled, but no individual or property was safe. The poor man could not call his house his castle, or his possessions his own; nor even his life, although safe. The people seemed to think there was enough of freedom in electing their magistrates; and provided for their proper conduct, while in office, by the terror alone of another election. Florence, worn out by struggles, finally sought repose in the arms of a tyrant; but, when Venice fell, all her institutions had become effete, and she died from mere imbecility. After the downfall of the nobles in Florence, the principal burgher-families stepped into their place, and, under a more popular name, pursued a similar course of insolence and oppression. Thus, in the fourteenth century, we still find three classes of people in Florence, — the rich plebeians; the people, as opposed to the grandees; and a third class, composed, oddly enough, of the ancient nobles popularized.

We have given but a slight description of the machinery of Florentine government, for it was always changing; yet we may fittingly speak of it as it was in the fourteenth century, before it became the ready means of Medicean tyranny. This machine of State was composed, in the first place, of the Seigniory, — namely, a Gonfalonier of Justice, and eight Priors of the Arts; of two auxiliary Colleges, — one of twelve Buonomini, the others of sixteen Gonfaloniers of companies; and altogether named the Colleges and Seigniory. Then came the Senate, which varied in number from the year 1343 to 1494.

Besides these two greater councils, there was that of the people, composed exclusively of Popolani; and that of the community, which admitted both people and nobles. The nomination of all magistracies, which was at first open, afterwards fell into the hands of a more select body; and the act of selection was denominated scrutinizing, because the character, qualities, and pretensions of the candidates were then minutely investigated. This ceremony took place once in three or five years: a certain number were thus selected, and then drawn from the Borsa, or purse, by lot, at every election. Such was the general form of government. Its character was motley; for sometimes the Seigniory was composed half of one faction, and half of another. Then a cunning leader could always find means to influence the scrutinizing and final lottery. The Medici found it no hinderance to their ambitious designs; nay, it served as a cover for them: and the first Cosmo, who was more desirous of real power than of its glitter, found the form of liberty a ready handmaid to tyranny.

We shall not attempt to describe the course of the

Medici before they obtained possession of supreme power. "Florence," said Nicolo de Uzzano, "was ready to sell herself, and fortune had been so kind as to find her a purchaser." The Medici were immensely wealthy, and, as a family, wonderfully endowed with talents. They knew how to use both their riches and their talents for their own advancement. The Florentines at the same time hugged their gilded chains, and bestowed upon the first Cosmo, the founder of the Medicean greatness, the much-abused title of Father of his Country.

One of the most interesting men of the fourteenth century was Girolamo Savonarola, the reformer. His life is a history of his times. It must be remembered, whenever we speak of him, that, at this period, politics and religion went hand in hand in Italy; the latter, indeed, being made subservient to the former. The whole world shuddered at beholding murder, lasciviousness, and incest revelling in the Papal see; but, in Italy, the people had become habituated to the sight of the prodigy, and had no desire to cleanse the edifice, or to purify a system which they found so convenient as a shield for their own vices. At such a period of spiritual darkness, Savonarola appeared. He was born in Ferrara in 1452. He was early distinguished for his love of learning; but his voice was harsh and feeble, and none suspected the slumbering powers of an enthusiastic mind in his first public lectures. But his voice grew soft, so that his later hearers in the Florentine Cathedral could hardly recognize its full, sonorous tones, and the impassioned, breathless eloquence of the speaker, as belonging to the harsh, caustic preacher of Ferrara. Savonarola himself believed the change to be miraculous, and declared that he could distinctly mark the moment of

inspiration. The fame of his eloquence spread abroad; and, after preaching in various cities, he was invited by Piero de Medici, in 1485, to come to Florence. He travelled on foot as a pilgrim, with scrip and staff; fell ill on the road from exhaustion; and was relieved by a mysterious stranger, who accompanied him on the road to Florence, and, taking leave of him at the gate, was never seen afterwards.

In Florence, the effect of his preaching was everywhere penetrating. He saw the church corrupted; the shepherds sunk in sloth and indulgence; and, without doubting the tenets of the church, he labored to effect a thorough reform. He ventured to use the language of prophecy; and, believing himself inspired, he would often assert authoritatively from the pulpit, "God wills thus and thus, and it must be done." But with his religion he intermingled politics. Liberty was to him second only to religion; and, as he visited Florence when the influence of Lorenzo was paramount, he did not hesitate to preach against his tyranny with the utmost sternness and penetration. The Medici believed themselves so sure of their prey, that they did not fear his invectives; nay, they taunted the Florentines that this was a proof of their liberty (so surely lost). Savonarola was stern, resolved, and dignified to the Medici. He rejected every overture of friendship from Lorenzo, and feared lest the slightest mark of respect might be construed into a recognition of Medicean authority.

We are reminded of the sternness, the uncompromising republicanism, of John Knox. Savonarola went very far. Carried away by his enthusiasm, he ventured audaciously to assert from the pulpit, that he had gone up to heaven as ambassador from Florence, and that Jesus Christ had, in

consequence, assumed the sovereignty of the city. "And yet," says Machiavelli, "this man persuaded the Florentines, who were neither dull nor ignorant, that he had spoken with God;" and adds, "I will not pretend to judge whether it be true or not, because of such a man we must speak with reverence. But I do say, that an infinite number believed him, without having seen any thing to make them believe; because his life, his doctrines, the subjects of his discourse, were sufficient to inspire faith." Savonarola had, no doubt, a great deal of political acuteness; and Machiavelli referred to his sagacity.

After the death of Lorenzo, Piero Medici obtained the supremacy; but was soon banished, and the French influence was paramount. During these troubles, Savonarola still preached. He declared it as of divine ordination that a popular government should be established on such a basis, that the liberty of the many should not be disturbed by the few. He preached, first, the fear of God; secondly, the love of country; thirdly, piety and mercy toward enemies; and, fourthly, such a government, that no citizen should be able to exalt himself above his equals. Savonarola prevailed, and a new form of government was finally created, the most striking feature of which was the appeal, allowed to all condemned persons, to the General Council; which prevented the Seigniory from lightly condemning the citizens to death. Savonarola declared from the pulpit that God willed the law, and therefore it must be passed; and it was passed. The Florentine constitution was thus finally placed on a broad, democratic basis; and Savonarola was the principal author of it: but it was to be only a gleam of freedom before the long night of darkness that was soon to settle upon the

unfortunate city. Savonarola was everywhere present, preaching and counselling. His principle was universal good. His knowledge of human nature and public affairs was that of a statesman and a man of the world, not that of a cloistered monk. If he was himself an enthusiast, he knew, as Calvin did, how to govern others by means of their superstition; but he was far from being, like Calvin, a bigot, and was never so much the dupe of his own feelings that he could not wisely use them to obtain his favorite ends. He declared Charles VIII. a scourge sent from God to punish crime and reform the church, and maintained the French alliance in spite of the murmurs of the people. When Charles wished to return from his northern expedition through Florence, and the people trembled for fear of his soldiers, Savonarola boldly set out as a professed messenger from God; and finally, by his predictions, protestations, and denunciations, he prevailed on the king to turn aside, and leave Florence in peace. He then labored for the establishment of the new constitution, but never interfered in the details of government. He sought to establish the great principles of justice and order. "I wish none of you," he says in one of his sermons, — "I wish none of you to be under obligations to me. I wish to be free. I wish to tell you of this; but you will not believe it. You write abroad that I interfere in the affairs of state: you know it to be false. I address you only in general terms about good laws and good manners; but with the administration of state I do not trouble myself. Do this, then: let your first object be to make yourselves good Christians."

The pope trembled at the denunciations of Savonarola. His hour was approaching: he had aroused enemies in

every corner of Florence. The nobles were dissatisfied at their loss of power, and the people found less immediate gain in order than they expected; while the whole body of the priesthood were his deadly foes. Fra Domenico di Pescia offered, in his zeal, to prove the truth and heavenly inspiration of Savonarola's doctrine, by the fiery ordeal, if necessary. The adverse order of Franciscans seriously took up this gauntlet; and their conduct was highly approved by the pope, who thus addressed the monk of St. Francis: "So humble and confound the pertinacity of Fra Girolamo. There have not been wanting those amongst you who have proposed to throw themselves into the flames. It is our duty highly to commend this your devotion and zeal." Savonarola implored the prayers of his people, in one of his sermons, if he should be called to this trial. He was instantly stopped by loud and eager cries of "Ecce! ego — ecce! ego transibo per ignem." But he checked their ardor by asserting that he neither proposed nor accepted the proof, although it had been suggested many times by his adversaries; that whoever might be elected by the Almighty to enter the fire, and whoever might be sent to the proof, would without doubt, through God's help, come out uninjured from the flames; and, if he believed otherwise, he never would place anybody in such peril, or himself in danger of being the destroyer of his own loving and affectionate children. "What astounds me," says Muratori, "is, that this terrible proof, not having been in use for many centuries, should finally be proposed by men of priestly character, in the end of the fifteenth century; and that Girolamo Savonarola, a man no less celebrated for his piety than his learning, consented to it."

But, although Savonarola's discouragement of the trial

proves that he was not completely blinded by his enthusiasm, it was not so amongst his followers; and even women and children, confident that he would come out unharmed, were eager to have him enter the flames. Savonarola was perhaps carried away by the people's enthusiasm; or perhaps he felt, that, if he did not accept the test, he would lose all respect among his followers; and, after having spent so many years in the greatest honor, he preferred death to a life of obloquy. Perhaps he felt that resistance was vain; and finally he accepted the challenge of Francisco di Puglio, who wisely declined entering the flames with any but the great heretic himself.

The Seigniory consented to the trial. On the 7th of April, 1498, the great square of the palace was lined with armed men and crowded with citizens, impatient for the ceremony. A scaffolding five feet from the ground, ten feet broad, and eighty long, extending from the corner of the Ringhiera toward the Tella de Pisani, was seen flanked on each side by a thick wall of dry wood and other combustibles, piled on a solid foundation of earth and baked bricks, so as to resist any degree of heat; and through the centre there was a narrow path, less than two feet wide, by which the expected martyrs were to pass between the burning piles. A long line of Franciscan friars silently escorted their champion to the lodge destined for his reception. Then moved the more pompous procession of Savonarola, who came in priestly garments, holding the sacred host in his hands. By his side was Fra Domenico, similarly attired, carrying a crucifix, followed by a dark procession of friars, all bearing red crosses, and accompanied by a multitude of nobles and other citizens, with lighted torches in honor of the sacrament. The Dominicans sang hymns.

The Franciscans preserved their taciturnity. Suddenly, when the trial was to begin, although the day had been unusually fine, there fell a deluge of rain, and extinguished the fire. It was considered as an omen from heaven of the divine displeasure.

The people sullenly retired. By a sudden and not strange revulsion of feeling, all the enthusiasm which had been lavished on Savonarola was now turned against him. He saw the signs of the times, and rightly interpreted them. On Palm Sunday he preached a short, earnest, and pathetic sermon, offering himself as a sacrifice to God, and pronouncing his benediction upon his flock, calmly and firmly, though not without causing much emotion among his auditors. Savonarola's friends and enemies now began to arm themselves. In the middle of an evening sermon by one of his friends, the cry "To arms! to St. Mark's!" echoed through the Cathedral; and instantly an armed crowd rushed in several divisions towards that convent, calling on the citizens to take arms. Savonarola was not undefended, though most of his followers had fled. For a long time he held St. Mark's against his enemies; but, as the Seigniory winked at every disorder, the doors of the convent were finally burst open. Savonarola was taken prisoner; and, in one night, the government changed hands, and with it the manners and morality which Savonarola had so long maintained in decency. He was now put to the torture by his enemies; and, being of a weak and delicate frame, he wrote down a confession that suited his tormentors. But, at the moment of his release from the rack, he declared that he could not answer for the truth of words uttered under the torture. Again he was tormented, and again asserted that what he had preached was true as

to doctrine and prophecy; that he could be convicted of no civil crime; and that he would affirm and retract as many times as he was put under the tormentor's hands. He was then sent to prison for a month; and, while there, he composed a commentary upon the fifty-first Psalm, — the "Miserere mei, Deus," — which he had omitted in a previous exposition of the Psalms, declaring that he had reserved it for his own tribulation.

The public reasons given at Florence for Savonarola's condemnation were his prophecies against Rome and her licentious prelates, — namely, that God would soon reform the Church, that for their crimes the late evils had been inflicted on Italy, — and his wish to set up a tyrant in Florence; and, on the confession which they extracted from him under torture, he was condemned, by the prejudgment of the pontiff, to suffer death. On the 23d of May, 1498, a new scaffold was built on the scene of the former trial. A post was erected upon it, and at its foot were piled brushwood and other combustibles. Upon the top of the post was nailed a transverse beam, on which Savonarola and his companions were to be hung in chains; but, this gallows forming a cross (as it was suddenly discovered), each arm was sawed off, yet not so closely but that the crucial form was still visible. Savonarola, and his two companions, Domenico and Salvestro, were solemnly degraded from their order, and, their habits being stripped off, were brought forward to be executed. Domenico was silent. Salvestro said, "Into thy hands, O Lord! I commend my spirit." And again, when the priest, in the act of degradation, erroneously pronounced, "I separate thee from the Church militant and triumphant!" he calmly replied, "No, not from the triumphant!" but spoke no

other word, and calmly proceeded to the gallows. When these three martyrs had perished, their bodies were burned, and the ashes cast into the Arno.

Thus perished, in the forty-sixth year of his age, Girolamo Savonarola, — "a man," says Muratori, "worthy of a better fate, from the austerity of his life, rare knowledge, and force and zeal in preaching the word of God. He was of unblemished habits, of singular warmth and piety, and wholly bent on the spiritual good of the people, with other uncommon endowments, indicating a true servant of God." With the constitution which was formed under the auspices of Savonarola died the last gleam of Florentine freedom. Piero Medici returned, strengthened in power, as an unsuccessful effort for freedom only binds the fetters of the slave more firmly upon him; and Florence sank, resigned to her fate. The world, perhaps, has never seen a family offering a succession of individuals so distinguished by talents and crime as that of the Medici. It has been customary to laud them as the patrons of literature, and as the fathers of their country. But the truth is, they trampled upon its liberties; and they were ready to sell it to foreigners, if they could administer to their own paltry vanity. They made use of their power to enrich themselves at the expense of the people; and, entering the market as princes who were still merchants, they drove out all competitors. Then they enhanced the ecclesiastical power to a most dangerous extent, and secured to foreigners that influence in the affairs of state which they had never lost. As regards their patronage of literature, this has been greatly over-rated. The genius of the Medicean age was born of the republic. Dante, the glory of his age, and the blessing of all mankind, and the witty Boccaccio, were born in a

free community; and Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Cellini, Masaccio, Andrea del Sarto, and hosts of other shining names, were the offspring of *republican* Florence, though they shone in the Medicean court. The Medici never checked, indeed, the growth of genius; but the afflatus was given long before. They did worse: they extinguished the spirit of freedom, which is the life of genius; and the Florentines, enslaved and degraded, could only look back to a glorious past, and forward to a future shrouded in darkness. As a proof of their fatal influence on the prosperity of their country, we need but compare the state of Florence at the opening of the fifteenth century and at the close of the sixteenth.

From humble beginnings, Florence became a great and powerful city. In our cursory remarks, we have shown how, with some idea of a free government, she was yet most despotically ruled. But the government of faction is always energetic; and the oppression was more willingly borne, as the people felt, that, in the onward roll of the wheel of fortune, every spoke, in turn, comes uppermost. Though Florence suffered, she still became great. Her corporate trades held together, even when their strength was gone, and while religion, politics, and commerce went hand in hand. Although within she was bleeding at every pore, without she presented a mass united, ready, and impetuous. She fell from those causes which ruin most republics. War and faction weakened her; faction was never exhausted; monopolies spread like a network around the land; and her revenues were lessened, while her expenses did not decrease. When she came into the hands of the Austrians, she was but the shadow of herself. Hers, the more brilliant story, is, in substance, that of the other

unhappy republics of Italy. All vainly struggled against faction within, and enemies without; all suffered the same fate. For a season, the Austrian dominion was fortunate for Florence; as, under the wise administration of Leopold, the marshes were drained, — that herculean task; trade was freed from vexatious monopolies; there was greater personal security; and more of real, if not so much of nominal, liberty. But Florence suffers, as well as the rest of Italy, for the want of a strong central power. Many of her wisest men regard the rise and progress of the free cities as the cause of her present degradation, and think that in Italy, as in Holland, they really have prevented a continued progress in civilization. Had any one race of barbarians thoroughly conquered the country, there might have arisen, as in the other countries of Europe, a central power which would have united the discordant elements of society; given the people a homogeneous character; and enabled them to go on, in one mass, towards a higher and better civilization.

"In the commercial administrations of the middle ages," says M. Meger, "in the Dutch free cities, the opposition of petty interests, and the continual though unimportant vexations which the oligarchy permitted itself, enervated the national character, cankered souls, and rendered men far less fit for liberty, far more incapable of feeling its benefits, far more unworthy of enjoying them, than the most absolute Asiatic despotism." Cæsar Borgia felt this, and, by his wise and firm administration of Romagna, set a good example to all Italy. There was a prospect, after the peace of Constance in the thirteenth century, that the Northern States would unite in some form of confederate government; but a confederate government required more political knowledge than the people possessed. They had not

been taught by experience and suffering to lay aside local animosities; and the favorable moment passed, never to return again. Italy cannot now expect a good form of government from foreigners; for every good government must be native, suited to the wants and tastes of the people. How can her Transalpine masters understand her interests? And, if they do, they must be constantly repugnant to her tastes. In the rest of Europe, it took centuries to nationalize the conquests of the barbarians, after the decline and fall of the Roman empire; but, in Italy, the sovereignty has been constantly changing. Nor have her masters shown her the same mercy and regard which the barbarians did to the Romans: for the barbarians needed the law, the government, the civilization, of the Romans; but the Spaniards, French, Austrians, and Russians, who have successively trampled on the rights of the Italians, have despised the people they conquered, and have looked upon the country as a battle-ground, — a place for ravage and rapine, not as a permanent home.

But, if Italy cannot look abroad for a government which shall bring peace into her distracted borders, what hope has she within herself? She has no body of people who can give an impulse to society, and direct its movements. Her nobles are poor and exiled; most of them cannot prove their titles; and their only present hope is in revolution. She has no farmers, no small landholders, attached to the soil and the institutions of the country: and her people are wholly uneducated in government; for she has no institutions. There is nothing of slower growth than institutions. Men are too prone to rely on legislation, on human wisdom, for the formation of governments. There is too ready a disposition to look to outward arrangements for that

amelioration of human affairs which can come only from the culture and progress of the soul. Italy knew not how to wait for this slow improvement; and she has, as yet, nothing to improve. The process of government to her is that of formation; for she has nothing purely Italian, — nothing which has made patriotism a domestic feeling among the people. However wise the system which her patriots in their discretion may form, it must be defective in theory; and there must be a constant reliance on the good sense of the people to modify and correct its defective action. But what can we expect from the Italians, wholly uneducated in government, and accustomed to misrule? We do not hesitate to say, that they would not respect a good government; for that demands a love of law, — a submission to law, as law, as the higher authority, even when it is not in consonance with the wishes of many of the people. This deference to law as the higher authority is characteristic of the American and Englishman; but there is no love of law among the Italians. The appeal to force has so long been the only appeal to justice, that they cannot readily comprehend the slow and peaceable agency of public opinion in correcting grievances. Can Italy look for some despot, who may arise among her own people, as her deliverer? The process of the formation of a good government, under a succession of tyrants, is too terrible and dangerous to be desired. Italy is already too willing to be a slave; and we doubt if any despotism is salutary, save that which governs a naturally good, but young, ill-directed people. What can she expect from the pope? There was an unreasonable expectation on the accession of the present pope, justified neither by the past, nor by the motives which must necessarily influence a pope.

Where have the popes used their temporal power more viciously than in Italy, so far as they have governed the country? When they were the allies of the rising free cities, the cities paid dear for this friendship, — not, indeed, sinking under a civil tyranny, but degraded by the religion they despised. There was a poison constantly instilled into their best institutions by the presence of a slothful, avaricious, luxurious clergy; and, although there was never any lack of reformers, the people were never willing to give up allegiance to a religion which gratified their passions. It is impossible, indeed, for the pope to be a good sovereign; for he does not respect individual reason. The same canker which lies at the root of his spiritual must also destroy his temporal power. He believes himself or the church the embodiment of spiritual truth; and that belief will be, as it has been, carried into temporal affairs. While he insists that there is but one truth, he does not allow that it is many-sided, seen from many different points of view, and with various powers of vision. We hope as little from the modern revolutionary patriots; for they are not of the people, but very far beyond them. We do not think that the time has yet come for Italian liberty. There must be some stronger cause of union from without or within, more suffering, greater experience, before the Italians will lay aside their animosities, and go forward as one people. That day will surely come, — how or when, we know not; but we believe in the perfectibility of the human race, and its constant progress towards perfection.

PASCAL.

Great men are the exponents of the civilization of their age and country; for they express in their works and acts, in a distinct form, the ideas and movement of the people. For that reason their biography is always interesting, as it is, in one sense, the history of their times. This is particularly the case with Blaise Pascal, who ranks among the most distinguished men of the seventeenth century, — a century prolific in great men, and which forms an era in French history. In that age, Louis XIV. gave unity and force to France as a kingdom; Corneille and Molière, the fathers of French tragedy and comedy, appeared; Descartes directed philosophical speculations in Europe; and, lastly, Pascal himself, the great geometrician, the powerful antagonist of the Jesuists, furnished the first specimens of truly elegant French prose composition.

Pascal was of a good family; and his father, Stephen Pascal, was President of the Court of Aids in Clermont. Being left a widower with three children, — two daughters and the young Blaise, — Stephen Pascal resigned his office, and removed to Paris in 1631, in order to give his children a better education than the provinces afforded. Blaise was then eight years old. In Paris his father soon collected around him all the most celebrated geometricians and phi-

losophers of his time; and their weekly meetings were the cradle of the Academy of Sciences established by Louis XIV. in 1666. Pascal soon gave evidence of his genius; for, at twelve, he composed a treatise on Sound. He seems thus early to have attracted the attention of Richelieu; for when his father was banished for some misunderstanding between himself and the powerful minister, but was restored at the instance of his daughter Jacqueline, he said to him, "Live for your children; for I wish to make something great of them." There is nothing remarkable in these early works, except as they are the productions of a child, and the child was father of the man. The treatise on Conic Sections, which Pascal himself most valued, and re-edited in after-years, he says, was principally taken from the writings of Desarques, one of the most eminent mathematicians of his time. He invented an arithmetical machine to assist his father in the collection of taxes in Rouen, to which post he was appointed by the king; but it failed from being too complicated, and was finally perfected by Mr. Babbage.

In 1646, he turned his attention to the experiments of Torricelli on the rise of water and mercury in tubes. Archimedes had proved both the weight and equilibrium of fluids; but the laws he had established with regard to water and other liquids had not been applied to the air, nor had any progress been made in hydrostatics from the time of Archimedes to that of Galileo. The latter proved the density of the air, but was not ready to use his own deductions; for, when the workmen of Cosmo de Medicis wished to raise water in pumps higher than thirty-one feet, and failed, he asserted that the water followed the piston of the pump, from the horror which nature felt of a vacuum, but that

this horror was not felt beyond thirty-one feet. He does not appear, however, to have been satisfied with this solution, as he gave the problem to Torricelli, who immediately began making experiments both with water and mercury.

In 1645, Torricelli published an essay, in which he asserted that the cause of the suspension of water in pumps, and of mercury in tubes, was to be found in the pressure of the mass of air above the reservoir; but, unfortunately, he died before his experiments were completed. Père Mersenne, a savant who had been travelling in Italy, informed Pascal of the labors and experiments of Torricelli; and he enthusiastically set to work to verify them. He concluded, that, if his theories were true, the mercury and water in tubes must stand at different heights at different altitudes. This he proved satisfactorily by his experiments. He was bitterly attacked by M. Noel, Rector of the College at Paris. He replied; and the war began on scientific, only to end more gloriously on theological ground.

Eager to throw some of the odium of their defeat upon their conqueror, the Jesuits asserted that Pascal was a plagiarist, and had stolen from Descartes, Torricelli, and a Pole, Valerien Magni. Pascal answered with bitterness, and some of the irony of the "Provincial Letters" appears in these replies to the Jesuit rector. Yet Pascal neither had, nor did he pretend to, originality in his labors. He fastened but one link in the chain of evidence that proved barometrical truths. Galileo proved the weight of the air; Torricelli conjectured that density was the cause of the suspension of water in pumps, and mercury in tubes; and Pascal had the merit of converting conjecture into certainty. The equilibrium between the air and mercury being established, it remained only to ascertain their relative weights;

and, since Pascal's day, philosophers have been laboring to ascertain the causes of variation in the barometer, and to fix the law of compression. But the greater variation of the barometer in the high latitudes than at the tropics has hitherto eluded their research; for they have in vain attempted to explain it by the efflux of winds, and by the increase of heat, or of humidity in the atmosphere.

Pascal was always diligent in mathematical study, and, during a night of extreme bodily suffering, solved some of the most difficult problems of the roulette. Père Mersenne had demanded of the mathematicians of Europe, "What figure a given point in the circumference of a wheel describes in its motion round and forward." He called this figure a roulette; but it was afterwards termed a trochoid, and now bears the name of cycloid. For fourteen years, it had puzzled mathematicians; and Roberval and Torricelli had given only imperfect solutions of the problems it involved. Pascal solved them all, and offered prizes for solutions to be given on a certain day, when he would explain his own method. Again a Jesuit, Père Lallouère of Toulouse, appeared on the arena, inspired with the spirit of Père Noel, with no more information, and little better success. Under his assumed name of Dettonville, Pascal demanded either an exact calculation, or a perfect geometrical demonstration, in which last case, errors of calculation were excusable. Lallouère at first sent a calculation, which he soon retracted as imperfect; and it was also proved, that Roberval and Torricelli had treated similar cases: but with the utmost boldness he asserted, that he would not publish his solutions until Pascal published his. Full of contempt for the father, Pascal complied; and, a year afterwards, Lallouère had the effrontery to publish Pascal's solutions as his own.

With these calculations, Pascal took leave of geometry and science; and, three years afterwards, he took leave of life. This great man made no important additions to science; but his scientific career had been brilliant, and he was the precursor of greater men than himself. Huyghens acknowledged, that Pascal's labors on the cycloid had furnished him with the means of measuring the oscillations of the pendulum, and that there was but one step necessary from his arithmetical triangle to the binomial theorem of Newton. Poisson expressed his astonishment, that Pascal finished his labors on the cycloid without arriving at the infinitesimal calculus. He owed to him the foundation of the doctrine of chances. Laplace, one of the best of judges, numbered Pascal among the eleven great mathematicians of the world. Yet, had he not written the "Provincial Letters" and the "Thoughts," he would not have been immortalized in science.

We often recall the remarks of Bossuet, in comparing the honors and duration of works of art and science. In science, the labors of one age overlay and cover up the works of another, and recent discoveries add to their own the honors of the past. But in art fresh laurels are gathered every day; and, after three thousand years, Homer is still young in glory and immortality. Perhaps this is because science springs from the necessities and relations of man as man; while art is the realization of the ideal, and is immortal as the soul.

The ardent and vigorous mind of Pascal could not endure idleness, and he left mathematics only to enter more vigorously into theological discussion. At this time, there was a fierce war waging between the followers of Jansenius, or the Port Royalists, and the Jesuits; and it is not difficult to foresee to which side the prejudices of Pascal would incline him.

"Port Royal des Champs," so called to distinguish it from "Port Royal de Paris," the town-residence of the abbess, was an abbey, about six miles distant from Versailles. The abbess, Angelique Arnaud, had already distinguished herself by the severity of discipline she had introduced into the abbey; and she and her sister nuns were a band of intellectual women, of whom their antagonists could only say, that they were pure as angels, but proud as demons. In the hamlets of La Grange, near the abbey, the Arnauds, brothers of the abbess, and other pious men, had fixed their residence, in order to propagate the doctrines of Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, and the Abbot of St. Cyran.

In the early ages of the church, the constant terror of death, and the labor of propagating the simple truths of religion, had bound Christians together, and prevented the discussion of doctrinal points. Then alone the church had some right to the proud claim of unity. But scarcely was peace obtained without before the war began in the sanctuary. Arianism, Nestorianism, Pelagianism, and numerous other "isms," were the constant themes of discussion, remonstrance, reception, and anathema in the church. Some of these questions were peculiar to Christianity; but some had vexed the human mind and perplexed the religions of all ages.

Predestination and free-will had always been the doctrines of extreme parties since the mind began to reflect. Even Mahometanism, which has predestination for a fundamental article of the creed, asserts and modifies it in the two parties of Omar and Ali. In this it is true to human nature. The difficulty lies in *proving* either side; for it is as impossible to conceive of an infinite succession of causes,—the doctrine of the one party,—as it is of an immediate, final

cause, and at the same time to conceive of man as a rational, moral, and accountable being, — the doctrine of the other party. While nature positively asserts the individual free will of man, reason stands appalled before the influence of an infinite Mind; and philosophers and theologians attempt in vain to reconcile the convictions of nature with the deductions of reason and religion.

In the fifth century, Pelagius, an English monk, wrote a work, in which he took the extreme side of free-will; regarding grace not as absolutely indispensable, but as giving liberty more facility to act. Such doctrines immediately called out the opposition of the other party; and St. Augustine, who had already distinguished himself in the controversy with the Manicheans, gained such honor in this, that he was thenceforward styled the "Doctor of Grace." Pelagius was pursued by the anathemas of twenty-four councils, and by the bulls and decrees of seven pontiffs and four emperors; but the question was not settled in a church believing in its own infallibility.

We do not see how a Roman Catholic can well be any thing but a predestinarian, disregarding as he does the rights of individual reason, and presuming on the immediate reception of divine knowledge. Pelagianism yielded for a time, or appeared only in a mitigated form, in Marseilles and the Lerins Isles, where many men distinguished for piety and intellect had retired; but St. Augustine and Prosper attacked it with renewed vigor, and the mind seemed for a time content in error. The monk Gotteschalk asserted, that some men were predestined to eternal damnation; that Christ had died only for the elect; and that free-will itself was annihilated after the fall. Hincmar asserted the contrary, through the pen of the famous Aquinas; but the pope

silenced the latter, and adopted all the absurdities of Gotteschalk.

In the fourteenth century, Wickliffe, the precursor of Luther, took the extreme side of predestinarianism. Indeed, the first Protestants were not reformers, either in doctrine or discipline. The rights of individual reason constituted the real point at issue between the Protestants and the Romanists. The church had never wanted reformers in discipline, — such men as Savonarola and Arnaud of Brescia, who were ready to sacrifice themselves for its purity; and never had she been more willing to reform abuses than at the Council of Trent.

In doctrine, Augustine would have hailed Luther as a brother divine. The latter asserted that free-will became a slave by the will of God, and entitled one of his works "De Servo Arbitrio;" and his followers built up the monstrous theory, that the commands of God are impossible; that the virtues of philosophers are vices; that violence alone is repugnant to liberty; and that every voluntary act, even if necessary, is free. To which Calvin added a dogma of his own, — that the elect cannot fall from grace; but that, in their worst crimes, they lose only the *sentiment* of grace, not grace itself. We gladly turn from such pitiable pictures of the weakness and fallibility of the human mind.

It is a singular fact, that Protestantism worked a change in the doctrines of the church; for the Jesuits, the *avant-garde* of Romanism, were inclined to Pelagianism, if their doctrines were not really a new birth of semi-Pelagianism. At the moment when the power of the church seemed fast crumbling away, Ignatius offered his assistance and that of his followers to the church: but he offered it at an immense price; for, by the constitution of this purely monarchical

society, it was to be governed by the superior alone, who should owe allegiance to the pope, and not to the councils. We wonder, indeed, what the infallibility of the church is to a Jesuit; since no true Catholic believes in the infallibility of the pope alone, but in that of the pope united with the councils; and many of the councils have revoked the decrees of the popes; as, for instance, the sixth council, which burned the decrees of Honorius. The obedience the Jesuits promised to the pope was merely nominal; but the pope was pleased by the apparent accession of power. He looked upon the Jesuits as a pretorian guard; forgetting that, like the pretorians, they might soon give laws to their masters. The church could not dispense with the assistance of the Jesuits; and every thing conspired to give them all, and more than all, they wished.

In 1588, Molina published his great work on free-will. In this he endeavored to establish a mean science, or the science of the future conditioned, which foresees that which must happen as a consequence of certain existing conditions, or that which would happen provided certain non-existing conditions were realized. If, for instance, God wishes to convert a sinner, he seeks, in the innumerable treasures of grace, for those means which he foresees, by the mean science, will necessarily move the will. This is styled "efficacious grace." But, if he has no design specially to move the will, he sends only that ordinary grace which the sinner may or may not receive for his eternal salvation. This is called "sufficient grace." It does not appear, if we regard only efficacious grace, how the Jesuits escaped the difficulties arising from the divine foreknowledge, the necessity of grace, and the inequality of its distribution. Such grace would, in effect, destroy free-will. The

Jesuits endeavored to escape the inference by giving the greater part to sufficient grace in human destiny; but their opponents, the Dominicans, or followers of St. Thomas, gave greater power to efficacious grace: and the pope and councils vainly tried to stop their dissensions.

In 1640, the "Augustinus," a posthumous work of Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, appeared, when the contest was renewed more bitterly than ever. Jansen wished to re-assert the doctrines of Augustine, changed as they had been by the Jesuits; and he ought certainly to have known the opinions of the saint, as he says that he had read all his works ten times, and his work against Pelagianism thirty times. The "Augustinus" is a stupid folio, and owes its celebrity to the contest it excited, and the writings it called forth. The Abbé de St. Cyran, the friend of Jansen, lived after him to publish his work and disseminate his doctrines. This man, said Richelieu, was more dangerous than ten armies. It has been said that St. Cyran violently opposed the divorce of the Duke of Orleans to make way for the cardinal's niece. But this is incorrect: for Richelieu wished to marry his niece to the Count de Soissons; but the king decidedly negatived the project. Nor does Richelieu appear to have entered very earnestly into the plans of the queen-mother for divorcing the Duke of Orleans. The grounds of his dislike to St. Cyran are to be found in his arbitrary temper, which could not brook dispute, and in his keen intellect, which foresaw the power of an energetic, restless mind like St. Cyran's. One can scarcely repress a smile at the expense of the good Abbé de Maynard, who remarks that Richelieu was incapable of a personal hatred, and that his dislike to Jansen and his friend was purely religious and patriotic.

St. Cyran retired to the vicinity of Port Royal, and soon acquired an unbounded influence over the abbess and her followers. The ungallant St. Jerome says that women are the most ready to receive error, as they are the most obstinate in defending it. Certainly, whether their doctrines were founded in error or in truth, the defenders of Jansen could not have wished more devoted friends than they found in the abbess and her sister nuns.

In July, 1649, M. Cornet, syndic of the Faculty of the Sorbonne, submitted to that body seven propositions which he declared to be heretical, and which he said he had found in the "Augustinus." A sharp contest ensued: the Jansenists appealed to Parliament; but finally a truce was made between the Jansenists and the Jesuits. The Jesuits were, however, faithless to this truce, and circulated a condemnation of the seven propositions, now reduced to five.

These famous propositions, as condemned by the Jesuits, were the following: —

1st, That the commands of Holy Writ are impossible, even to the just, unless grace have first rendered them possible.

2d, That, in the present fallen condition of man, he cannot resist the action of grace.

3d, That, in order to be accountable in this fallen state, absolute liberty is not indispensable: it is only necessary that there should be liberty of co-action.

4th, The semi-Pelagian allowed that there must be grace anterior even to faith; but they were heretics in this, that they believed the will could either resist or obey.

5th, It is semi-Pelagianism to believe that Christ shed his blood for all men.

After this, we do not understand how the Jansenists dared to assert, as they did, that they were not Calvinists; nor, on the other hand, how the Jesuits could accuse them

of heresy, with the authority of St. Augustine staring them in the face. The Jesuits sent their censure to Rome; and three out of five of the Holy Tribunal approved their decision.

It appears that the Jansenists were not treated with much fairness, as the pope constantly delayed giving them an audience. Perhaps we should hardly expect it from him, as the Jesuits were all-powerful with the great king and his greater minister, — a Jesuit being confessor to the prime minister. Nor do we wonder that he should hesitate about giving his infallible opinion on such doubtful subjects.

Finally, Innocent X. characterized the five propositions as having three senses, — one Calvinistic, one Pelagian, and another "true and Catholic;" and, as having more heresy than Catholicism, they were condemned. No mention was made of Jansen.

The Jansenists then asserted that they yielded implicit obedience to the pope, but that the propositions, as understood by him and the Jesuits, were not to be found in Jansen's works. They declared that the pope and the councils were fallible on matters of fact, and adduced Pope Zachary as an example — who had anathematized St. Virgil for declaring that there were antipodes — in proof that neither popes nor councils could find in Jansen's works what was not there. The Jesuits, on the contrary, were diligent in bringing forward the Calvinistic bearing of the five propositions, as well as the fact that they were found in the "Augustinus."

A sharp contest ensued, when the doctors of Paris, with Cardinal Mazarin at their head, declared the five propositions, as condemned by the pope, to be in the "Augustinus." Arnaud and others did not lay down their arms because of

this decision; but, soon afterwards, Pascal appeared with the "Provincial Letters," which absorbed the attention of France, and changed the character of the controversy. In his youth, Pascal had led a pure but unconsecrated life; for, absorbed as he was in scientific pursuits, he had no time for the amusements of the world, or for the pursuit of the higher destinies of man. Yet his strong, ardent nature was capable of the deepest impressions; and his feelings needed only to be turned into a purer channel to move with renewed energy. His sister Jacqueline, a kindred spirit, had retired to Port Royal, and there labored for his spiritual improvement as a religious duty. Ill health subdued his ambition; and he finally united himself, from feeling and principle, to the fraternity of Jansenists, and showed himself eager to defend them against the Jesuits. But Pascal was no metaphysician: he had neither the education nor the temperament to be one. Nor did he attempt to untie the knot which fastens "sufficient" and "efficacious grace;" but he endeavored to cut it with the keenest ridicule. Yet he is worthy of himself and his cause, only when he leaves theology to attack the depraved morality of the Jesuits. Nothing can exceed the fine irony, the bitter invective, and the well-arranged display of facts, in these remarkable letters.

This wonderful Society of Jesus has been the terror both of princes and of the church, and has resisted the efforts of power, time, and even the consequences of its monstrous wickedness, in an unparalleled manner, — so strong is the bond of union that holds it together. No absolute monarch was ever so absolute as the Superior General of the Jesuists; for he controls not only the time, property, and lives of men, but also their souls. He owes but a nominal obe-

dience to the pope, and an equally vague allegiance to the Society; for he is chosen for life, as is the pope by the cardinals, and can be deposed only for a few specified crimes, from the imputation of which he is saved by his power and the pride and policy of the Society. The early Jesuits were able men, and took advantage of every weakness of the pope and the church.

Paul V. granted them all the privileges, past, present, and to come, which mendicants ever did or should possess. Clement VIII. gave them equal privileges with the orders not mendicant; while numerous succeeding popes granted them all the favors which universities and colleges had ever obtained. They possessed also the monopoly of some kinds of business; as, for instance, that of drugs in Lyons and Rome. Gregory XIV. endeavored to complete the edifice by tying up the hands of his successors; as he decreed, that, if a pope like Sextus V. should ever meddle with the Institute, it might be re-established by the Society or its general on its original basis, without the concurrence of the Holy See.

In the seventeenth century, there were twenty thousand avowed Jesuits. It must, however, be remembered that large numbers of Jesuits have only taken vows of obedience, and remain laymen; and that they admit into the fourth class only priests, or men distinguished for position or talents. By their perfect system of discipline and information, this large body of men moved with the energy of one man, and acted with more union of force than even a Spartan army. But ambition, their earliest vice, soon received avarice as a companion. There is no end to the supplications and remonstrances from orders, universities, and princes, to stop their aggressions; and their cupidity

became so notorious, that even at Rome the clergy assured Pius V., that, if he did not repress them, they would soon seize upon all the benefices and parishes of that city.

But their temporal power was less to be feared than their principles. Their doctors taught, that the divine law obligates the sinner, so far only as it is actually intimated to him, and present to his mind, at the time of sinning. If he does not at that moment reflect on the evil of the crime committed by him, he does not sin: if he reflects on its evil, but only regards it as contrary to reason and propriety, without thinking of God and eternal punishment, he sins, indeed, against reason, but not against God. This is merely philosophical sin, which merits only temporal punishment. They taught also the doctrine of probability, by which the contrary of every express command of God may be right. Thus, for instance, the right of self-defence, according to their theory, gives one the right to kill, contrary to the express command of God; and the authority of any one doctor was sufficient to justify the sinner in the commission of any crime. Doctors were not wanting who made the law of God of none effect in every particular. The doctrine of probability was the extreme and worst form of expediency, and the ultimate conclusion of a system of ethics which made utility its point of departure.

It is undoubtedly true, as the Abbé de Maynard asserts, that the casuistry of the Jesuists was the result of the scholastic subtleties of the day; but it is none the less true, that it had poisoned the principles of the order. Indeed, there was only too much truth in the asseverations of the University of Paris to Louis XIII., declaring, "There is no article of religion which the Jesuits have not corrupted, and do not daily corrupt, by their unheard-of novelties.

Christian morality has become a body of problematical opinions, and the laws of God have been sophisticated by their subtleties; so that there is no longer any difference between vice and virtue. In short, their doctrines, inimical to all order, have resisted equally the power of kings and the authority of the hierarchy."

At the moment of their most depraved morality and highest power, Pascal stepped into the arena as the defender of a purer religion. The Jesuits, in vain, endeavored to deny the authority of their own fathers; for their works were altogether too numerous, and their statements too explicit. They tried, indeed, the efficacy of silence; but their sins cried out from the ground against them.

Perhaps a Catholic may appreciate the remark of the Abbé de Maynard, who thinks that Pascal did more harm to the church by exposing its errors, than he did good, especially as the casuistical errors of the Jesuits were buried in folios which the people never opened. Pascal must have been astonished at his own success in the "Provincial Letters." He labored unweariedly in writing them, spending sometimes twenty days upon one, while his friends assisted him in obtaining facts. They are equal to the famous Letters of Junius in invective and sarcasm, but are superior to them in delicacy and playfulness of wit; while they are devoid of that bitter personal hatred which appears so much in Junius. In the "Provincial Letters," the reader imagines that he feels more than the writer.

The Jesuits, finding argument of no avail, and their power declining every day, now used force to crush the Jansenists. A troop of archers, aided by the police, marched to the sanctuary of Port Royal, and drove out the masters, scholars, and recluses; and an order of council was issued to eject every

scholar, postulant, and novice, both from their abbey in the fields and their residence in the capital. But here a miracle, wrought by a piece of the crown of thorns in restoring a diseased eye of Margaret Périer, Pascal's niece, stayed for a while the arm of power. The Jesuits endeavored to prove some deception; and the proofs of its being an unexplained fact are not quite satisfactory to the incredulous minds of the present day: but the populace of that age believed it, and it saved the Jansenists for a season.

Louis XIV., however, yielded to the desires of the Jesuits. The Jansenists having refused to sign the anti-Jansenist formulary, novices and scholars were expelled from the monastery. The small schools were closed, and the higher functionaries were driven into exile or prison. The mother, Angelique Arnaud, soon died from her sufferings: so did Jacqueline Pascal. Indeed, she was the first victim; and her letters and life afford beautiful illustrations of the martyr-spirit, even in the seventeenth century. But the Jesuits never recovered: their death-blow was struck.

Pascal was already worn out by ill-health, which he had increased by penance and fasting. During the last years of his life, he had lived like an anchorite. He denied himself all the luxuries which had become necessary to his comfort by habit, and which his delicate health seemed to demand. The furniture of his room, and his dress, indicated the most abject poverty; and, though sickness had increased the natural delicacy of his stomach, he constantly took the most nauseous potions with apparent pleasure. He sought to subdue his pride by wearing a girdle of iron, armed with points, around his waist, and often gave himself blows to redouble his anguish. He denied himself the pleasures of mathematics, and even thought it wrong to evince any

affection for his sisters and nieces. In neglecting mathematics, he was the humble follower of his sister Jacqueline, who had a fine taste for poetry; but who, on entering the Abbey of Port Royal, hid her one talent in a napkin, in the vain hope of pleasing her Master. We turn with pain and regret from such an instance of perverted feeling. But Pascal's error was the natural result of a sincere belief in a religion which seeks to degrade the body, — the poor slave of the mind, — and to weaken the soul by vain and exhausting regrets. He wished, as some one has said, to make life a Thebaïd or a Calvary. But the Saviour, his great Master, imposed no such torturing penance upon his followers: he merely bade them "go, and sin no more."

During the intervals of freedom from pain, in his last illness, Pascal wrote thoughts for a work he had long contemplated as a defence of Christianity: but he died without finishing it; and the scattered fragments were collected and published after his death. In this work he neither assumed, nor attempted to prove, the great truths of Christian doctrine; but he endeavored to show to the infidel the poverty and weakness of his intellect, and the inutility of all his efforts. With him, as with the Preacher, all is vanity, and man is but a shadow that fades in the morning; and having nothing to lose, and all to gain, he endeavors to lead the poor infidel to the fountains of Jordan, which having once tasted, he will never return to the waters of Marah. There is a great deal of truth in Pascal's philosophy; for infidelity is more of the heart than of the mind. Many defenders of religion think, that, when the reason is convinced, nothing more is to be done; but there is no moral obligation in the convictions of reason. Conviction should precede emotion: but the objections of the infidel are gene-

rally the mere ghost of reason, which always eludes the keenest sword in argument; and Pascal wisely trusted to the affections to dispel the phantom. Yet the effect of his "Thoughts" is extremely depressing; for so thick are the shadows he casts over the present life, that they darken even the future. As a literary work, it is doubtful whether the "Thoughts," even if completed, would have equalled the "Provincial Letters." They wanted their peculiar controversial interest; and Pascal had not the calm, patient, impersonal habits of thought necessary for such a work. But, for fine writing, the "Provincial Letters" and the "Thoughts" were the earliest of elegant French prose compositions. M. Cousin says that Pascal perfected the language which Descartes had created. Before Pascal, simple, natural writers, like Joinville and Froissart, had appeared; but none of them had studied composition as an art. Even the more pretending Montaigne and Balzac had sought for piquancy in Gascon and Latin, at the expense of elegance and purity. Genius had been too largely patronized by the court; for the numerous *salons* of Paris attracted the gifted plebeians, nurtured their self-complacency, and spoiled their style with the overwrought taste and diction of high life. This was justly satirized in the "Précieuses Ridicules" of Molière; for thought is vigorous and expansive, and style pure and national, only when the people are the judges and rewarders of its merits. Pascal led the way in such writing; for opposed as he was to the Jesuits, and consequently to the court, his mind and heart escaped the influence of an over-refined society.

Pascal died in 1662, at the early age of thirty-five; but he had lived a long life of usefulness and renown. He had been the friend and partner of the greatest geometricians of

his age, and had often led the way in mathematical and physical science; his pen alone had been more powerful than the will of kings in overthrowing an established order, and had furnished a model for the future labors of genius; while his life alone, says the celebrated Bayle, was worth more than a hundred sermons: for if, on many points, his conscience was unenlightened, there was an admirable and touching beauty in his daily charities and his entire self-abnegation.

MAHOMET.*

When we read the history of so extraordinary a person as Mahomet, we very naturally inquire, What were the prominent features in his character? and what important lessons can be learned from his life?

We first remark, that we do not find any thing in the education or circumstances of his early life which apparently imparted to his mind its remarkable direction, and particularly fitted him for the task of giving a religion to a nation. Born in the midst of an idolatrous and barbarous people, he was left an orphan at an early age, and was educated by his uncle, who, though of noble birth, was neither sufficiently powerful nor wealthy to give much aid to his nephew, even if he had favored his designs. Mahomet was fortunate in his marriage; and, in his frequent journeys to the fairs to transact business for his wife, he must have met with the followers of every religion, — Christians, Jews, and Idolaters. But others of his tribe had the same opportunities: Mahomet alone made use of the information every one received. His education was more limited, it would seem, than that of most of his countrymen; for the Koran

* This article was read at a social meeting of the teachers of the South Parish Sunday School, Portsmouth, May 12, 1851.

expressly asserts that he was illiterate, and that he could not read or write, — an assertion which must be taken with some limitation. But he was certainly far from being distinguished among his own people by birth, wealth, or education. His inspiration was in his own genius. There is nothing in his whole life which could be called remarkably fortunate: but he took advantage of every-day occurrences; he controlled circumstances; he conquered difficulties; and his life is a lesson to all who would be either good or great, that they must not *wait* for, but *make*, the occasion. Mahomet was remarkable for faith, — faith in himself and his cause. He spent four years in repeated fasts, in solitude and contemplation; and, in three years more, he had made but four proselytes, — his wife and servant, who were his natural allies; his cousin Ali, who was but a child; and his friend Abubeker. After four years more of incessant labor, with his little band increased by a few more faithful adherents, he invited his relations to an entertainment, and announced himself to them as the Apostle of God. We cannot help picturing the Hashemites as they looked with surprise and contempt on their daring kinsman, demanding their obedience and reverence, with nothing to substantiate his claim but his own word. He was soon driven from the city of Mecca by the hatred of these relations; but their persecutions gained him new friends. He succeeded in converting some travellers from Medina to his cause; and, in the twelfth year of his labors, twelve men came from Medina, and swore allegiance to him at Mecca. In the year following, the deputies from Medina promised, in the name of their city, that, if he should be banished, they would receive him as a confederate, and obey him as a leader. "But if you are recalled to your

country," they asked, "will you not abandon your allies?" —"All things are now common between us," replied Mahomet: "your blood is as my blood, your ruin as my ruin." —"But, if we are killed in your service, what will be our reward?" —"Paradise," replied the prophet.

He was equally confident in danger. Again driven from Mecca, he fled to the cave in Mount Thur with his friend Abubeker. "There are but two of us," said the trembling Abubeker. "Nay," cried Mahomet, "there is a third: it is God himself." Such faith, such patient perseverance, could not but receive its reward.

As soon as his numbers were sufficiently increased, he adopted a more effectual means of compassing his great ends, by uniting the power of the sword to the arts of persuasion. As he had never been discouraged by neglect, contempt, or reproaches, so he was equally undismayed by danger.

From the Hegira, or flight from Mecca, to the day of his death, his career was one of violence and blood; and the mind turns sickened and disgusted from such scenes of carnage to the pure and peaceable religion of Jesus. But Mahomet was blinded by fanaticism, or thought, perhaps, that the end justified the means; for he had been educated among a warlike people. With the same fearless faith in a better cause, what might he not have accomplished? We believe that this faith proves him to have been an enthusiast, and not a hypocrite. If he had been a hypocrite, his acute mind must have weighed the smallness of his means, and the consequences of disappointment. The slow process of conversion would have damped his ardor, and the first reverses would have destroyed it. If he had been purely selfish, his followers would have discovered it; for cunning always awakens cunning. But Mahomet believed in him-

self, in his own power of accomplishing what he undertook, and must, to a great extent, have believed in the goodness of his cause. He perhaps blinded himself; but the effect was all the same. This faith, which enabled him to overcome so many difficulties, is the prime lesson to be learned from his life.

But Mahomet's cause was greater than himself; and he succeeded, not merely by his labor and perseverance, but because he was really a reformer. The Arabs had, indeed, some traditions of a purer faith; and he offended no deeply rooted prejudices when he promulgated the unity of the Godhead. Yet he made it the sincere belief of the whole people; and, by so doing, he elevated them from the pollutions of idolatry. Then he taught them, that, instead of the gross and cruel offerings lavished on idols, the Almighty demanded alms, prayer, and fasting, for a sacrifice. In his first message from Heaven with regard to prayer, the Mussulman was enjoined to pray fifty times a day; but Mahomet announced to his followers, that, feeling the burden of such constant devotion, he had, by the permission of God, reduced the number to five. He was wont to call prayer the pillar of religion and the key of paradise, and to say that there was no good in a religion which dispensed with it. Surely there was something ennobling in a religion which demanded so spiritual a worship of the omniscient, omnipresent God. Fasting was common, and perhaps necessary, to an Eastern people; but, by inculcating the duty of charity, Mahomet breathed the feelings of his own heart. This virtue is a fundamental article of the Mahometan's creed; and the Koran says, "Make not your alms of none effect by reproaches or mischief, as he that layeth out what he hath to appear unto men to give alms." We have some very

curious fables as to the extent of the charity of the Mahometan saints: but errors of excess prove sincerity of belief; and, in making such devotion and such virtues the foundation of his religion, Mahomet was a benefactor to his people. There is much that is high-toned in the morality of the Koran, — much that is far superior to the religious intelligence of his day. There is, at the same time, much that is paltry: its theology is poor, its fatalism disheartening. Yet a few great ideas gave it success; and it was because Mahomet had so good a cause that he succeeded so well. But the Koran shines always with a borrowed lustre. Its most remarkable passages are evidently taken from the Bible; the coincidence being often too striking to permit us to doubt that Mahomet was familiar with its contents, either from actually reading it, or hearing it from others. Only in these borrowed passages does the Koran shine, and it wants the unity and perfectness of the Bible. In every page we recognize the difference between the true and the false. Mahomet was wont to point to the beauty of his style as proof of his inspiration; but, when compared with the sublime passages in Job, the highest flights in the Koran scarcely rise above the earth. We have thus touched on a few of the points which attract our attention in reading the life of Mahomet. We admire his genius, faith, and energy, and praise him for the good he effected; but we cannot help remembering how the Mahometan has outgrown his religion, and is groaning under the burden of his imposture. We turn with gratitude to the simple and sublime teachings of the Saviour, which are adapted to every age and nation; and which, while fitting man for the noblest moral and religious development here, prepare him for a higher life hereafter.

THE NEED OF A HIGHER INTELLECTUAL CULTURE AMONG SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.*

We question if there are any among us who would deny, in the abstract, the need of a higher intellectual culture, though they may deny it in practice; but we fear that some deem their attainments quite sufficient for the performance of their duties as teachers of the young. If there are any such, the simple consideration, that from the treacherousness of man's memory, and the mental decline following his neglect of the intellectual powers, he must continually exert himself in order to keep the rank he has once obtained, should subdue every such self-satisfied thought. Besides this, no situation can long remain the same. The outward as well as the inward world is ever changing; and, in every change, new reflections, new knowledge, must be profitable, and may be necessary. But we wish to consider the duty of intellectual culture in a religious point of view, and beg leave to present a few remarks in order to prove, first, That it is the will of God that we should cultivate the mind as well as the heart, even though this were not commanded by revelation; secondly, That it is so commanded; and, thirdly, That as teachers we hold a position which peculiarly claims intellectual culture. We

* Read at a social teachers' meeting. February, 1846.

can only touch at present on these points, as the time allotted us is short.

In the first place, we all allow that God created the soul, and made it immortal. But he has also made it capable of infinite improvement: he has placed no limits to its progress, so far as we have yet discovered, but those of sense; and from these it will be released by death. But wherefore has he done this? Wherefore has he bestowed on man powers which make him a brother to the angels, and assured to him an immortality in which the mind as well as the heart will share?

God has made few things in which even we, with our failing sight, cannot discover marks of design; and are there none in the most glorious of his works, — the mind? Did he intend that this should always remain in the swaddling-bands of its infancy, satisfied with the humblest exertions? Surely He who worked with the most noble aims, as we may perceive in the lower creation, had the highest end in view when he created man; and, from analogy, we may infer his intention that the mind should be improved to the full extent to which he has given it ability. We may also infer his will, from the tokens which he has given, that all things were made for happiness, even in the lowest orders of his creation. Now, the testimony of the best and the greatest men, and that of our own consciousness, prove to us that our highest happiness consists in the growth of our *whole* inward being, mind as well as heart. Without this, immortality would be a burden; for, if the mind could reach the necessary summit of attainment here, what happiness could heaven give? — what but satiety? There could be nothing new to a soul unwilling or unable to know more. But we do not believe there was ever a human being

who was, in his *inmost heart*, truly satisfied with his present attainments; for, as consciousness continually presents the capability of higher improvement, the soul can never be entirely satisfied or perfectly happy until every power is fully developed. Intellectual improvement is, then, the law of our nature, and therefore the law of God.

Had there been no revelation, we should have been bound, by the strongest commands of self-interest, to obey this law. But revelation also commands it. In the words of Jesus, we are bidden to "be perfect as God is perfect;" and God is not only all-good, but all-wise. And we are warned, in the parable of the talents, how those will be punished who neglect their powers. The whole tendency and spirit of the gospel imply the duty of doing good to others.

Now, no man's influence is perfect without a cultivated mind, even were it possible for him to cultivate truly his heart, and not his intellect. We often set aside the judgments of those who are kind and benevolent in their feelings, but possess little mental force or culture. Not that a good heart is to be despised, but that little confidence can be reposed in a weak head. Those are not the true children of light who suffer half of the light that God has placed within them to be darkened by neglect, and who voluntarily walk in ignorance for want of any earnest effort for improvement. This the world knows; and this, we believe, is half the reason that mere goodness, unsupported by intellect, has not had more influence. The intellect is really as closely connected with the heart as rays of light are with one another. What the intellect gives, the heart bestows. Neither can be perfect without the other; and the so-styled heart-duties can be but half performed with

a neglected mind. God made the soul of every man in his own image; and we believe that man to be sinning daily who neglects his own intellect where there is any opportunity for cultivation: for how can the knowledge of God, his will, his attributes, and the fundamental principles of our religion, ever be acquired without an active and instructed reason? There is no root to a morality not founded on the beliefs of reason; but, like the house built on the sand, when the winds of infidelity blow upon the heart, it is at once overthrown. A religion of feeling alone reminds us of a citadel, the outworks of which are finished, but the stronghold itself remains unbuilt. If, then, we would fulfil the will of God, as declared in revelation, we must improve the intellect; we must rely on it to point out to us the duties which the heart will perform, if true to its own functions.

Thirdly, this is especially enjoined upon us as Christian teachers. We may well tremble, when we consider the greatness of our work, in seeking to teach the word of God to immortal beings, — lessons which may result in their eternal good or ill. But what temerity is ours, when we dare to declare the will of Him before whom the archangels veil their faces, without any previous preparation, without a real desire to know more of His judgments whose ways are past finding out! There is scarcely a lesson which may not be illustrated by accounts of Jewish manners and customs, or by some reference to the Jewish polity; not one in which a mind, cultivated and strengthened by reading and reflection, may not exert itself. The child will soon discover something of the mental power of the teacher; and his opinions will have double weight, if supported by a sound mind as well as dictated by a true heart. The child forms

his opinions as men do, only with less knowledge; and, if the teacher would exert a lasting influence, he must cultivate *all* his powers. This must be done by reading and reflection. But some will say, "We have no time." Is this true? Has it been duly considered, that a single loss which the intellect sustains through idleness cannot be regained, even in all eternity? — that it will remain for ever a loss? Are there those among us who read no novels, no gossiping newspapers, who spend no idle time, and are not idly busy, but, like the poor shepherd of Salisbury Plain, read their single text of Scripture, and hurry to their laborious task? If there are, all have the *sabbath* hours in which they can devote some time to a true culture. And we do not believe there are any who have no time to reflect. A quiet observation of the inward life, a scrutinizing watchfulness over every thought and action, will strengthen the mind no less than the mere perusal of books. Still, we do not consider a man who has no knowledge of books as best able to fulfil the duties of a teacher. Yet if there are those whose motives are pure and upright, and whose powers are developed according to the best of their ability, we would welcome such as teachers, — those who can speak from experience, — not doubting that such characters will have their true weight.

Finally, we would entreat teachers — as moral beings, desirous of true happiness, eager to know more of God's goodness and wisdom, anxious to exert the best and greatest influence, and so to fulfil the will of God — to cultivate the intellect as well as the heart; to give to neither a subordinate place, but to suffer them to walk hand in hand, twins in improvement.

THE PATRIARCHS.

How lived the patriarchs? The question is an eminently suggestive one. Critical acumen may question the accuracy, in detail, of the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, — may find much repetition and confusion in the first chapters of Genesis: but we cannot doubt the general truth of the statements, as the Hebrew accounts form a centre around which the fables of all other nations naturally group themselves; and there is a freshness, a simplicity, about the patriarchal story, which is internal evidence of its truth. We have only a few touches of the picture; but they are so bold, so striking, so characteristic, that we dare not doubt the reality of a life such as the world has never since seen. The classics, Theocritus and Virgil, describe the shepherds as silly swains, innocent as their flocks, and not much wiser, — men merely of a class. But nowhere do we find the individuality, the goodness, and the dignity of Abraham. If we may so speak, there has always appeared to us a primeval grandeur in Abraham. With his princely train of three hundred armed men and upward, he rushes to the defence of Lot; and, with more than princely dignity, he scorns the reward of the King of Salem. Barrow, in speaking of his generosity to Lot, and his large hospitality, calls him "that fine old gentleman, Abraham." Who, indeed, had such guests as

he? for he sat at meat with angels. With a tearful interest, we read over and over again the trial of his faith in the sacrifice of Isaac, — the controlled anguish of the father's reply to the simple questions of his son; and we feel that there was a typical reference to the last, greatest sacrifice. Abraham had troubles in his own household; for he seems to have yielded very unwillingly to Sarah's well-founded jealousy of Hagar. At length, as calmly as he had obeyed the commands of the Deity in the sacrifice of Isaac, so patiently he saw the bond-servant and his son depart.

But we desire to treat the subject in a more orderly manner. The first thing that strikes us in the lives of the patriarchs is their longevity. Many learned men have presumed some inaccuracy in the number of patriarchal years, while others have supposed the solar only lunar years. But we see no good reason for not receiving the Hebrew text as correct. Before the Deluge, there were probably no noxious gases rising from the earth, while the climate was more equable and healthy than at present; and some provision was necessary for a greater increase of population than afterward. More than all this, we are ignorant how much we owe to the hereditary wisdom of those around us; in learning, for instance, the laws of gravitation and of the elements. The patriarchs had no alphabet, no traditionary wisdom; and, if it took twenty years to learn the lore of the Druids, how much longer must it have taken the antediluvians to acquire the daily experience of life! Before the Flood, Methuselah arrived at the greatest age of upwards of nine hundred years; but after the Deluge, when there were three couples to repeople the earth, none of the patriarchs, except Shem, reached the age of five hundred. In the second century after the Deluge, none attained two hundred and forty

years; and, in the third century, Terah alone arrived at two hundred. It is probable that there were the same relative proportions as now between the periods of childhood, manhood, and old age. Some have fixed the time of maturity at one hundred years. The only thing by which we can exactly measure these periods is the time of marriage, and the birth of the oldest son. Marriages in the East always take place at an early age: but most of the patriarchs were not married until after fifty, as the parents were nearly a hundred before the first child was born; and Abraham, the wisest of the patriarchs, thought it not unwise to marry a second wife at the ripe age of one hundred and forty.

What old men there were in those days, when not more than three generations filled the space between the Creation and the Flood! We have fancied Methuselah and his compeers interchanging pleasantry and telling stories over a pan of coals in the cool autumn evenings, — such stories as have never been heard since; and the mysterious Adam talking, in awful sorrow, of the past, — Adam, the only man, save one, who ever stood up in innocence before God; and Enoch, the youthful saint, — of whom even then it might be said, "Whom the gods love die young," — walking, in spiritual beauty, with the older patriarchs.

The patriarchs lived thus long; but how lived they? The first men were civilized men; for, although Nimrod was a hunter, he was not a savage. The antediluvians were at first a pastoral people, but not nomadic; for Jabal introduced living in tents. In the large, lovely plains, and deep, shady valleys of Syria, they found abundant food for their flocks, and plentiful springs of water. The earliest dwellings were probably huts; that is, small houses made

of the branches of trees, intertwined, and often plastered with mud. Such houses Jacob built to shelter his cattle during the first winter of his return from Mesopotamia. Such houses Cain probably built, when he gathered his relations together in cities.

Architecture, as an art applied to the building of private residences, is of comparatively late cultivation. Indeed, the Romans are the only ancient people who were at all remarkable for the elegance and extent of their houses. Eastern nations have scarcely changed or improved their houses for centuries. Stone was early used by the Jews, and some rare woods; but wood was not common. It appears, therefore, that the houses of patriarchal times must have been of the most primitive character, — mere huts, in fact. Bricks were soon manufactured, as we learn by the building of the Tower of Babel. These were made of straw and clay, dried in the sun. The ancients did not understand the modern process of baking brick, — an art which was first taught in France. By the Roman law, no building could be built of brick which had not been dried five years.

Tents were early used, even before the patriarchs led a wandering life; for they were of easy construction, being made of skins, or of goats' hair woven by the women. These were probably such as we see now in Arabia, eight or ten feet high, raised on ten or twenty poles. In Arabia, the women's apartment is separated by a curtain from the men's: but we read that Sarah had a tent of her own; and that Leah and Rachel had separate tents, as well as the maid-servants. It is still the custom in the East, as it probably was then, for the patriarch or sheik to pitch his tent, at night, on some good piece of ground, and group the others round him; making, in fact, a little encampment.

The furniture was of the simplest character, — earthen pitchers to draw water, a few utensils for cooking, mats to sleep on, and chests for the camels' furniture and the dress of the men and women.

Dress always forms a large portion of the property of Eastern nations, where the fashions never change. For thousands of years, the Arab has probably worn the same kind of shirt and cloak, handkerchief for the head, and an additional square shawl. In towns, a pair of drawers and a shirt formed, and still form, the only covering. In Exodus, we read that the cloak of the poor was made of wool, and that this cloak constituted the day and night dress. Rebekah had rings of gold for her nose, and bracelets; and we know that Rachel had rings for her ears. Rebekah and her descendants wore also a veil, which was perhaps only the folds of their outer garment drawn over their face. Images, or household gods, were part of the tent furniture, as appears from Laban's and Jacob's history. The women cooked, — for instance, Sarah cooked the bread for the angels, — and fed the camels, as we learn in the case of Rebekah. They also, probably, spun and wove. But they must have always held an inferior position, as Lamech early introduced polygamy, and Abraham concubinage.

It appears that Abraham and his son Isaac sent wedding presents to Rebekah. Feasts were common, as we read of that given by Laban on Rachel's marriage; and Rebekah's friends entreated that she might stay with them ten days, probably for gayety, before they departed. The father thus obtained the bride for the son. What the wedding ceremony was, we do not learn. The rabbins say the first ceremony consisted of a kiss; but it seems, from the history of Rebekah, that, after the consent of the bride's

father and brothers was obtained, she received a blessing, — the only form of marriage described.

If Sarah was Abraham's niece, as some assert, she was related to him within the forbidden degrees. Such marriages were, however, early prohibited; and marriages of blood-relations ceased to be customary even after the long bondage in Egypt, where they were more common than among any other people. It is singular that the Jews carried away with them so few of the Egyptian customs; but, from the first, they were a separate people.

Commonly there was but one wife; but Jacob married two. Their father, however, insisted that Jacob should marry no more. The eldest sister was married first, and the wife had always precedence. The concubines and wife lived together: but in time of danger, as in the meeting of Esau and Jacob, the beloved wife was placed in safety; while, at her death, the wife alone shared the tomb of her lord.

The eldest son had the inheritance; as Abraham gave Isaac all that he had, and sent away the concubines and their sons with a present. This was given with a blessing: and the blessing of the father, however obtained, had a divine power. The son and his family made a part of the patriarch's household. Over these he exercised an unlimited authority; being amenable to no one if he took the life of his son, or if, as in the case of Ishmael, he sent him away to die. From this patriarchal power arose the cruel *patria potestas* of the Romans, by which the son was nothing more than the slave of the father.

The patriarch's household must have been extremely large, as Abraham could arm more than three hundred servants. They comprised all kinds of household servants (Rebekah's

nurse being spoken of as an important personage), and all kinds of artificers. So large a family required, of course, a great variety of labor. There were the nurses; those who cooked the bread, and the lentils that Esau loved; those who cared for the milk and butter which Abraham set before the angels; those who broiled or baked the venison of the hunters, and fermented the wine. There were those who made the jewels of silver and gold, and the raiment, the household furniture and the tents, and the arrows for the hunters; and the earliest accounts mention the workers in brass and iron, and the makers of musical instruments.

The money which Abraham used instead of barter, as a medium of exchange, however rude, was a proof of an advanced civilization. A trifling remark sometimes betrays the cultivation of this early age, as Abraham's telling Melchizedek that he will not take so much as a thread or shoe-latchet of his goods. The manner in which nations care for their dead is always a proof of their progress in refinement and morality; and therefore we highly prize the curious account of Abraham's purchase of the burying-ground of Machpelah. Once again we read of a moneyed purchase of Jacob, — his buying the land for the altar El-Elohe-Israel. Besides his possessions in tents and household goods, and in maid and men-servants, the patriarch owned cattle, sheep, asses, and camels.

The number of camels shows the extent of trade in the East, just as ships show the commerce of modern nations. Camels came from the highlands of Asia, and were therefore not the earliest or an early method of transportation. From their being reckoned last in the list of Abraham's flocks, on his return from Egypt, we may presume that they

were not as numerous as his cattle. Afterwards, they rapidly increased; and, in Jacob's day, they carried spicery, balm, and myrrh down to Egypt. The extent of the patriarchal flocks may be imagined from the magnificent present which Jacob offered his brother Esau, — two hundred goats, two hundred ewes, and a flock of cattle and camels. There was every inducement to commerce in the abundant natural productions of the East.

In Jacob's day, the soil brought forth a hundred-fold for the cultivation. Mention is made of gopher-wood, oak, poplar, hazel, and chestnut. Besides the domestic animals, we read of pigeons and doves, wolves, hinds, and lions. Everywhere there were bountiful springs of water, the warmest nooks for shelter in winter, and the coolest retreats from the summer heat.

The East is the seat of populous nations and great cities. Here were Tyre and Sidon, Babylon and Nineveh, close by the home of the patriarchs; and no country presented finer sites for cities than Syria. There is not a king in Europe who has so beautifully situated a residence as had the King of Salem. The rapid growth of Sodom and Gomorrah, and the enhanced wickedness of the people, are a proof of the perhaps unseasonable increase of the population.

We have thus cursorily gone over the prominent points of information in the lives of the patriarchs. It is a subject on which we love to dwell; for nowhere do we read, in so short a space, such noble, charming biographies. What a touching story, as we have before remarked, is that of Abraham's trial of faith! and how sorrowfully do we read of the jealousy of Sarah, and Hagar's anguish! What an exquisite picture of primeval courtship is that of Rebekah! and what imagery, what an outflowing of inspiration, in

Jacob's blessing of his sons! Unity of character is always maintained. Abraham is always the same good, noble prince; Jacob, the shrewd, persevering man of the world. There was an abundance of the wonderful in those days. Then Abraham feasted with angels, and Jacob met angels. Well may we ask what manner of men they were.

We are persuaded that the Old Testament is too little read at the present day. Our heroic Puritan fathers made it their constant study. Christ himself came for the fulfilment of the law, as revealed in the word, and in the lives of the patriarchs and prophets. With heartfelt gratitude, we confess that God has never wanted a witness among men. And once more we would entreat parents and teachers to make use of every means to interest the young in the study of religion, — means so largely offered them in the Jewish Scriptures; and to obtain fresh strength for themselves in the wells of inspiration which gush forth in the Old Testament, no less than in the New.

FAIRIES.*

When the altars of the Olympian deities were deserted, and their worship despised, the dryads and hamadryads, the nereids and lesser gods, still kept their throne in men's hearts; and in the North, under the names of fairies and elves, long victoriously disputed the reign of reason. Some say, the word "elf" is derived from a word signifying "to leap," and was descriptive of the lightness of this airy people. The Saxons had not only dun-elfin, berg-elfin, and mant-elfin, — spirits of the downs, hills, and mountains, — but also feld-elfin, woden-elfin, sea-elfin, and water-elfin; spirits of the fields, woods, seas, and waters. The fairies in England have a mixed character, partaking somewhat of the qualities of the dwergas of Scandinavia, the peris of Persia, and the sylvan deities of classic mythology. They seem to be divided into classes, and have their King Oberon, and Queens Titania and Mab, with their attendants and guards of honor. Chaucer says, —

> "In olde days of King Artour,
> Of which that Bretons spoken great honour,
> All was this land fulfilled of farie:
> The Elfquene, with her joly companie,
> Danced ful oft in many a grene mede."

* This article formed the introduction to the translation of a fairy tale by Tieck, entitled "The Elves."

Their dwelling was in "a curious park, paled round with tooth-picks; a house made all with mother-of-pearl, an ivory tennis-court, a nutmeg parlor, a sapphire dairy-room, a ginger hall, chambers of agate, kitchens all of crystal; the jacks being gold, the spits of Spanish needles." Ants, flies' eggs, fleas' thighs in collops, butterflies' brains dissolved in dew, with glow-worms' hearts and sucking mites, formed their food. They were especially fond of dancing in the moonbeams; and Darwin says, —

> "Here, seen of old, the elfin race
> With sprightly vigils marked the place:
> Their gay processions charmed the sight,
> Gilding the lucid noon of night."

And Shakspeare declares that they assembled

> "On hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
> By pavèd fountain or by rushy brook,
> Or on the beachèd margent of the sea,
> To dance their ringlets to the whistling wind."

In their dances they left behind them traces, which were of circular shape, were known by the name of fairy rings, and were considered as charmed spots. These little circles of dew are, every summer's morning, seen in the grass (we believe no one has satisfactorily accounted for them); and none were found hardy enough to step within them, as, by so doing, they fell into the power of the fairies. Tieck alludes in his story to this belief. The maidens, when gathering May dew as a cosmetic, always left what they saw in the fairy rings, lest the spirits should, out of revenge for their stealing it, spoil their beauty.

At the trial of Joan of Arc, the doctors of Paris asked her whether she had ever assisted at the assemblies held at the Fountain of the Fairies, near Domremy, round which

the elves were accustomed to dance; and the Maid of Orleans confessed that she had often repaired to a beautiful fountain in Lorraine, which she named the "Good Fountain of the Fairies of our Lord." How she escaped from their influence, we do not learn. Being asked if she had ever seen any fairies, she answered, "No;" but said that one of her godmothers had seen one under a fairy-tree, near the village of Domremy. Southey, in his poem of "Joan of Arc," speaks of a goodly oak, near this Fountain of the Fairies, on whose leaves the elves loved to lie and rock, and bask in the moonshine.

"Here the woodman leads
His boy, and showing him the green-sward marked
With darker circlets, says their midnight dance
Hath traced the rings, and bids him spare the tree."

These fairies of the higher order had every variety of dress that fancy could fashion for them. Some wore garments of leaf gold; and others, cloaks, of a thousand mingled dyes, made of the wings of butterflies. Shelley, speaking of Queen Mab, says that

"You fibrous cloud,
That catches but the palest tinge of even,
And which the straining eye can hardly seize
When melting into eastern twilight's shadow,
Were scarce so thin, so slight."

But there were other classes of fairies who knew nothing of dancing in the moonshine, but embraced the comfortable life of farmers. Gervaise of Tilbury, describing them, says, "When on account of domestic work they are sitting up at night, when the doors are shut, they warm themselves at the fire, and take little frogs out of their bosoms, roast them on the coals, and eat them. They have the countenances of old men, with wrinkled cheeks; and they are of small

stature, not being quite an inch high. They wear little patched coats; and if any thing is to be carried in the house, or any laborious work to be done, they lend a hand, and finish it sooner than any man could. It is their nature to do good, and not to injure. They have, however, one little mode of annoying: when, in the uncertain shades of night, the English are riding alone, the fairy sometimes invisibly joins the horseman; and, when he has accompanied him a good while, he at last takes the reins, and leads him into a neighboring slough; and, when the animal is fixed and floundering in the mire, off goes the fairy with a laugh."

Shakspeare's Puck is one of the mischief-loving sprights, who, although nothing of a farmer, leads the poor lovers up and down; hopping as light as a bird from a brier. Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, is the best known among the fairies; and everybody is familiar with Shakspeare's description of him. An old writer says, that "if the bowle of curds and creame was not duly set for Robin Goodfellow the friar, and Sisse the dairymaid, why, then, either the pottage was burnt in the pot, or the cheeses would not curdle next day, or the butter would not come, or the ale in the vat would not have good head." And another writes, "Indeed, your grandam's maids were wont to set a bowl of milk before Incubus, and his cousin Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt and mustard, and sweeping the house at midnight: and you have also heard that he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or goodwife of the house, having compassion on his nakedness, laid any clothes for him beside his mess of white bread and milk which was his standing due; for, in that case, he saith, 'What have we here? Hemten, Hemten! here will I never more tread nor stampen.'" Every one is familiar with

Queen Mab, who plaits the manes of horses in the night, whom Ben Jonson describes: —

"This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
That does nightly rob the dairy;
And can hurt or help the churning,
If she please, without discerning;
She that pinches country wenches,
If they rub not clean their benches,
And with sharper nail remembers
When they rake not up their embers.
This is she that empties cradles,
Takes out children, puts in ladles.
She can start our franklins' daughters,
In their sleep, with shouts and laughters;
And, in sweet St. Anna's night,
Feed them with the promised sight —
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

This is Mab, the queen of midnight revels. Shelley makes her a very wise fairy; but he does not follow the old legends: while the fair and gentle Titania sleeps on the

"Bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,"

and reigns over

"Spirits of another sort,
Who have oft with the morning's love made sport."

Of such beautiful natures are those that dwell in the air, — the delicate Ariels that come and go with the south wind.

Besides these fairies of the earth and air, there was another species supposed to live in mines, where they were often heard to imitate the actions of workmen; and they had great skill in working and forging metals. Tieck speaks of these, as well as of those who live in the fire, — spirits of flame, with bodies like burning red crystal. The fairies of Shakspeare, and of most early writers, were the spirits of common tradition; a diminutive race,

endowed with immortality and supernatural gifts, yet with no very great power over mortals; rather annoying than injuring them, and, for the most part, inclined to do them service. But Spenser makes them a race of mortals, created by Prometheus, of human size, shape, and affections, and subject to death. In so doing, he has not followed popular tradition; and his account of them wants all the sweetness, grace, and sprightliness of the common fable.

But, besides their other powers and habits, there was one exceedingly interesting to mortals. There was a prevalent belief in olden time, that the fairies stole or exchanged children. Ben Jonson speaks of Mab's emptying cradles; and Shakspeare makes Henry IV. wish it could be proved, —

> "That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged,
> In cradle-clothes," Hotspur for Harry.

And another writer says, —

> "These, when a child hap to be got,
> And after prove an idiot,
> When folk perceive it thriveth not,
> The fault therein to smother,
> Some silly, doating, brainless calf,
> That understands things by the half,
> Says that the fairy left this aulf,
> And took away the other."

Some of these traditions were simpler reproductions of the old fable of the stolen Ganymede. Nor was it strange, in the early ages of the world, that the hunter lost in the primeval forests, whose extent he could not even guess, should, bewildered by fear, imagine himself led away by some invisible being; for, if one of our readers has ever been lost, he well knows how unreal the most familiar objects may seem, and how easily fear makes the most simple thing vague and mysterious. And, again, it was no

more strange, when communication between different countries, and parts of the same country, was difficult and rare, that the captive stolen by the sudden irruption of some bold marauders should, in a little while, seem to his friends to have been ravished from them by beings gifted with supernatural power. A superstitious belief in the power of the fairies to carry mortals away was retained in England until a very recent period. Bourne tells us, that, in the beginning of the last century, people would affirm there were some still living whom the fairies had carried away, and kept with them seven years; and Mr. Keightly says that he had conversed with a girl in Norfolk, England, who had seen fairies, — a superstitious belief not more strange, and much more agreeable, than that in witches, which lingers even among us.

Indeed, it is not very long ago that the flint arrow-heads, found in fossil in Scotland and America, were believed to be shot by the fairies; and from thence came their common name of elfin-arrows: while certain conical stones, called fairy-loaves, were kept religiously in houses, that the house might never want bread.

But to return to the fairies' thieving propensities. Sometimes they restored the children they had stolen; and the common people had no less terror, though more reverence, for them than they had for the gypsies. Even in the present century, when the fairies are almost forgotten, there still lingers the belief that children have been sometimes carried off by invisible powers. Nay, older people did not escape them; for we have all read with delight the legend of Sleepy Hollow. The Ettrick Shepherd founds his beautiful ballad of "Kilmeny" upon this belief, — a ballad so beautiful, that we wish every one had it by heart, as the expres-

sive saying is. To prove this, he tells some popular stories prevalent in Scotland ; and one of them we will venture to relate. There was a man in the parish of Traquair and county of Peebles, who was busied one day carting turf in a large open field opposite the mansion-house. His daughter, a child of seven years, was playing beside him, and amusing him with her prattle. Chancing to ask a question of her, he was surprised at receiving no answer ; and, looking behind him, he perceived that his child was not there. He always averred, that, as far as he could remember, she had been talking to him not half a minute before: he was cercertain it was not a whole minute. He went home in a state of mind that can rather be conceived than expressed, and raised the people of the parish, who searched for her several days with no success. The father, however, was thoroughly persuaded that she was carried off by some invisible being. As a last resource, he applied to the minister of Inverlethen, who enjoined him to cause prayers to be offered to God for her in seven Christian churches on the next sabbath, at the same instant of time. The injunction was religiously attended to ; and, as the old divine foreboded, so it fell out. On that very day, and within an hour of the time on which the prayers were offered, the girl was found in the Plora wood, sitting, and picking the bark of a tree. She could give no account of what had befallen her; but said her mother came and fed her by day, and sang her to sleep at night. As the ballad beautifully expresses the story, —

" Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westen hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle glowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame."

But no one now believes in the fairies, with their malicious or good propensities; none think they hide all day in acorn-cups, or bask in the sun on the south side of mountains; nor does the belated peasant see or fancy them revelling under the greenwood-trees, or by the side of sparkling fountains. The mother, without fear, leaves her child in its cradle; and the maid, with impunity, neglects to clean her benches.

> "Nought is heard
> Now in the leafy world but earthly strains;
> Voices, yet sweet, of bird and brook and waterfall:
> The day is silent else."

But we miss these beautiful fables. They breathed at least the sentiment of religion. Nature had more meaning, she was more studied, more reverenced, more loved, when men believed every corner of creation teeming with those happy, invisible beings, whose existence was so closely connected with their own. Men worship now a far-off Deity in heaven, and do not suffer his presence to fill the space left vacant by the household deities of the ancients. Some sects have endeavored to make up for this want, by inculcating the presence of guardian spirits as an article of their faith; but, while reason may doubt or reject this as a dogma of belief, we may still long for more spiritual views of the mysterious workings of nature, and half regret the harmless, blind affection of our fathers for the fairies.

PRESENT CONDITION OF EUROPE.

We are often surprised at the ignorance and indifference manifested by the public, as to the present condition of our neighbors across the water, who are united to us by the ties of relationship and emigration, and by the daily bonds of commerce, and whose past history furnishes us with so many warning lessons of experience. While we sit idly criticizing the President's message, its manner and matter, and read the announcement that we are at peace, with overflowing coffers, we forget what we seemed to remember for the short season of the Kossuth mania, that a whole nation, with millions of people, has, within the last few years, changed its masters, and, instead of following out its destiny under its own teachers, has found others of a different stock, education, and habits; and that destruction threatens another once-powerful people.

Wars, and rumors of wars, reach us, — cries of oppression, not only from the dungeons of Hungary, but from Italy and France, from a wretched people hungry in body and mind; but we scarcely hear them, deadened as they are by distance, and selfish as we are from the very luxury of freedom. Raised by the efforts of our ancestors above so many prejudices of the past, and safe from the entangling politics of Europe, we seem placed by Providence under the

most favorable auspices for trying anew the problem of self-government, so often tried by other nations in vain. We can scarcely comprehend the blessings of peace alone. In Europe, nations different in language, habits, and character, are separated by petty streams or the imaginary boundaries of treaties; and therefore perpetual contests arise, and hereditary wars establish abuses which the art and wisdom of politicians and philanthropists would conquer in vain. But we are one people, having the same language, education, and hopes. We are born of the same stock, and family pride alone should keep us united. We think it good, therefore, sometimes to compare, in a spirit of just pride and aspiration, our own condition with that of the countries of Europe.

England, our beloved mother country, — who taught our childhood a love of liberty, tempered by a wise moderation, and infused her genius, philanthropy, and desire for progress, — is burdened by a monstrous debt, by an aristocracy whose handmaids are monopoly and protection, and by hereditary oppressions whose shadow chills the heart of the strongest. In a country where law is best loved and administered, we know from a recent English publication how suits drag along from court to court; how hope nourishes despair, and is satisfied only with the life of the victim. We know what immense power a Duke of Sutherland has, who can change the destiny of a million of acres, and drive off the tenantry; while the horrid misery and degradation of the manufacturing classes seem to defy remedy. Not to mention other fearful evils flourishing in our old home, a starving nation has told us to what extent wretchedness may be carried, when oppression and indolence go hand in hand.

Across the channel, France has indeed shaken off the fetters of feudal tyranny; but, like a prisoner too long in chains, she shivers in the bracing air of freedom, and pines for her old dungeons. An emperor is chosen by forced votes, and tries to revive the old fancies of despotism in the forests of Fontainebleau. There are no constitutional checks, no quiet, free, municipal elections. The emperor distrusts the people; and the people are by turns frightened and cajoled, to rise, at length, in an anarchy worse than absolute despotism. Travellers tell us of their wonderful police, never sleeping, always watching; and it shows the condition of the people who need so to be watched, and of the emperor who needs so to watch.

Across the Pyrenees is Spain, which has sunk from a first to a fifth rate power; her queen without principle, her nobles without influence, and her people too degraded to care for their degradation. It is a good proof of the fallen condition of Spain, that we have so few books of travel written of one of the finest, most varied countries in the world; that such rare treasures of literature and art lie buried in her libraries and palaces; and that she submits to have a foreign Protestant power quietly sitting in her dominions in the most impregnable fortress in the world.

Portugal, just beyond Torres Vedras, the scene of Wellington's stand for the ancient constitution, must now suffer from a youthful king, as she has long languished from the other oppressions of her sister country. If Spain were sufficiently powerful, we might hope for a re-union of the two countries.

Italy, once the imperial mistress of the nations, and, later still, endowed with a spiritual power more dangerous and far-reaching than that of the sword; the gem of the

world, — has been divided for centuries into petty states, each a little despotism continually quarrelling with all the rest; and often, as if she had not woes enough of her own, she has furnished the battle-ground for French, Spanish, and German rivals. With a population of not more than twenty-one millions, Austria governs in the north, Spain in the south, the Church in the middle portion; and she is split up into other duchies and nominal republics under foreign influence. The republic of San Marino, for instance, has about eight thousand inhabitants. All these various states are burdened with debt, and oppressed with soldiers. The worst scenes of the dark ages are constantly re-enacted. We hear every year of new insurrections raised by her patriots for liberty. But what can be hoped from an ignorant, vicious populace, who follow any hue and cry, and from states so divided by ancient feuds, that the idea of union seems almost opposed to nature? Even in art she has lost her dominion, as all the great musicians, sculptors, and painters of this age are of Northern birth. The only modern school of painting is of the North.

Switzerland, with its twenty-two democratic and aristocratic cantons, and its divisions in religion, modestly waits on the will of the other powers of Europe, who surge around her rocky home, and maintains her neutrality from fear of internal strife. But what union can there be in such diverse interests? How can the people be truly well governed? How little can they, in their situation, be trusted to govern themselves! Poverty alone saves them from the vices of their neighbors.

Sweden and Norway — with not more than five million inhabitants; with a tolerably good government, which is constitutional, and for which they have to thank, in a great

measure, the reforming hand of Napoleon — stand in suitable awe of their puissant neighbor Russia, who has already despoiled them of Finland, portions of Lapland, and other possessions. Belgium, Holland, and Denmark are all animated by the same spirit. Few just notions of liberty prevail.

Denmark, within the last few years, had the same contest with the duchies of Schleswig and Holstein which Austria had with Hungary, — the same vain effort for national existence, not for the liberty of the people.

But what shall we say of Germany, — free-thinking, bold-thinking Germany? Alas! she has as sad a fate as the rest of Europe. About a thousand years ago, Otho established the imperial government of Germany, the different princes choosing an emperor from among their number. He could hold, as emperor, no fiefs, but received certain contingents of men and money from each state, and was a sort of generalissimo; but as he had no power of asserting his rights, except what he had as prince of his own domain, that dignity soon became nugatory. It became, however, hereditary with the house of Austria; and the Emperor of Austria was thrice crowned, — once in Germany, once in the Austrian dominions in Italy, and once at Rome as the defender of the faith. In 1815, Francis II. gladly gave up this power to a diet composed of the German princes, which holds it to this day. In this diet there are sixty-nine votes, each principality having one or more votes according to a fixed ratio; and Austria, having four votes, is president of the assembly. They have a certain constitution, by which they decide on peace and war, on the quotas of men and money for the different states, and various other internal and external arrangements. But even here, as in earlier times, the

strongest rules; and Austria and Prussia make war as they choose. State rights are utterly disregarded. Not one of these separate states can boast even of having a constitutional monarchy, — except, perhaps, Hanover, whose brutal old king, Ernest, not forgetting his English education, gave his people a constitution in 1848.

Prussia, whose power dates back not more than a hundred and fifty years, has, by wars and aggressions of various kinds, made herself a powerful despotism in spite of her neighbors. The King of Prussia alone has an army of more than a million of men constantly on pay, who neither vote nor pay taxes, but owe allegiance 'to him. Nowhere in Germany have they any idea of our municipal elections, which are the very nurseries of freedom. We need not be told of the power and despotism of Austria; for we have learned the sad story from her recent contest with Hungary. Germany, with her forty-five millions of inhabitants, has her Castle of Königstein still frowning in proud contempt of her colleges and teachers.

But the youthful despotism of Russia is most to be feared of all; and its shadow already stretches across Europe. Of her population of fifty-five millions, three-fourths are slaves, and not one in two hundred and twenty can read or write; while, in America, one in five can boast an education. The emperor Alexander, both more wise and more just than Nicholas, established schools and asylums, and longed for the enlightenment of his people. Once, while he was complaining to Madame de Staël of their condition, she said, "that, while he reigned, they would not feel the want of a constitutional monarchy." "Ah!" replied Alexander, "I am, at best, only a happy accident." Already Russia has seized upon portions of Sweden and of Poland; she has made

daring incursions into Asia; and she now threatens the very destruction of Turkey. Nature itself seems to have placed an immense barrier for her in the deserts which separate her from other nations. Vienna is not more than fifty miles off; and she can at any moment make a dash with her Cossacks into the heart of the German principalities, before they can concentrate their arms on her frontiers. The new railroad between St. Petersburg and Moscow will centralize her dominions; and she will sit like the spider in her web, ready to pounce on the unwary victim.

Turkey is of little importance in the list of nations; only we may tremble at the increase of the Russian power by her destruction. She has in Europe fifteen million inhabitants, a large majority of whom are Christians, who have been the nominal cause of the present contest between Turkey and Russia. Her situation is unrivalled. She has quarries of marble, mines of alum, salt, iron, and nitre, and abounds in many of the fruits of the torrid and temperate zones. The fleece of her sheep is of especial value, and her horses are of an unrivalled breed; but bad management has spoiled every thing. The Sultan is absolutely despotic, holding the property of every one of his subjects as his own, and is restrained only by certain traditions of the Koran, decrees of the Ulima and Mufti, and the fear of assassination. A bashaw — a subordinate governor — has the right of inflicting death at any time on one of his subjects; while the Mahometan doctrines of fatalism are a worm at the very root of progress. Of course, such a country is as much unruled as misruled. She makes no use of her fine position, which all the great conquerors of the world have coveted, and in which Cæsar and Napoleon both thought of establishing the seat of universal dominion. She has the pride of ancestry and

the pride of religion to animate her against the power of Russia; but what would these avail? And, in any event, what would the people gain? If Russia conquers, one despotism is changed for another. But Russian principles are not so much opposed as the Turkish to progress; and a weak or vile prince may, under the Russian better than under the Turkish dominion, give what the people so much need. As a general thing, it is better for the individuality of a nation to be preserved; and, for that reason, we so much deprecated the absorption of Hungary by Austria. But here it is a choice of evils; and certainly the greater portion of the sympathies of Turkey are Russian.

Then follows Greece, the last in our list, once the light of the world, which is governed by a Bavarian fop, and is sure to fall into the hands of the despoiler.

We have thus cursorily gone over the condition of Europe, with nearly three hundred millions of inhabitants. We find her great resources wasted or neglected, her people everywhere vainly struggling with oppressions. Her past history reveals the same contest for power between the people, the nobles, and the central governments, which has ended so disastrously for all, with the exception, perhaps, of constitutional England. How nations seem to have gone back to their childhood, contending for their very existence! Peace is always doubtful, and is maintained only from flimsy motives of expediency. Well may they say, in the spirit of warning, "The future is with us."

THE RESOURCES OF OUR COUNTRY.

We have compared our own political condition with that of other countries, feeling as if we were set apart for a nobler and higher destiny; while everywhere, under whatever form of government, in the Old World, the same cry of suffering humanity is going up, and the hand of power has a deadening effect on the energies of men, like the winter air of Madrid, which, it is said, often freezes the palace-sentinel to death, without stirring the feather in his cap. Well assured of our own political pre-eminence, we would wish to speak of the positive resources of our country, — of the stores laid up in field, forest, mountain, and stream, for our use as a great and free people. If we analyze our pains, we find they always lessen, while our blessings increase with every re-enumeration; and we think, therefore, it cannot be amiss to take an account of our national riches, in order that we may be properly grateful and wise for the future.

Our remarks will be principally confined to North America, as South America is but partially civilized, and her colonists brought with them the hereditary taint of indolence and ignorance, bad laws and bad institutions. Little attention has been paid to her agricultural resources; and her geological surveys have been chiefly directed to searching for mines of

gold and silver, which, alone, add little to the wealth of the people. Our scanty statistics can give us no just idea of the importance of those countries. On the contrary, the northern half of the continent was settled by hardy and enterprising bands of adventurers, who have wielded the weapons nature gave them with the arm of a youthful giant. They have been indefatigable in botanical and geological surveys, and can give now a tolerable inventory of their treasures.

We have taken pleasure in sometimes comparing the form of the New and of the Old World, and have seen a narrow isthmus in each connecting two continents, and every headland running to the south with the exception of two, — Yucatan and Jutland, — one in each. But here the comparison fails, as the western shores of Europe and America wholly differ; the one being deeply indented with bays and inlets, and the other having only the important Gulf of California on its generally smooth border. Our long line of coast affords every facility for commerce. We of the United States can have no dread of the foreign powers who guard the Gulf like sleepy sentinels; and only a moderate fear of Britain, who from the Bermudas, her watch-tower on the deep, looks with an eye askance at all our movements. The other nations of North America are equally well situated.

The mountains of a country are of course the first and the most attractive feature in its physical geography, as they enrich the soil, soften the temperature, and are the nurseries of the rivers which fertilize the country, render its resources available, and unite and civilize its people. Mountains are of especial use in moderating the temperature. We have seen tables which were kept of the amount of rain falling in the

high country and the lowlands of England; and it was found that the former had over sixty inches of rain to twenty inches on the latter. In this country, owing to the influence of the mountains and other causes, we have more rain than in the Old World, although less dull weather. But the mountain air is the very air of freedom. Strength is with the hills; and their dwellers always drive out those of the valleys. Indeed, the mountaineers are our true national guard. They have the truest, tenderest love for home, as we have had melancholy proof in the Swiss, who often died of home-sickness in the wars of Napoleon; and in the Highland regiments of the English army, who could never be contented till their tartan was taken away, and every thing that reminded them of home excluded. The mountains of the New World, if they are none of them so high, or so startling and imposing in their forms, as those of the Old World, are much longer and broader, extending, in a continuous chain, for thousands of miles, in South America, the highlands of Mexico, and the western portion of the United States; while, on the eastern shore, the Alleghanies continue nearly through the northern half of the continent. Of two hundred volcanoes in the world, a hundred and sixteen belong to America; and while, in the Old World, they stand alone, in the New they dot a large extent of the mountain-chain. These volcanoes are the sources of the mineral springs: they enrich the soil, as is proved by the fine volcanic lands of California, and probably perform many other offices of a bountiful nature of which we are ignorant at present. A chain of the loveliest of lakes is found in the mountains of South America, continuing through the highlands of Mexico. But mountains are of the most importance as the sources of streams.

Everywhere the whole continent is penetrated by those magnificent rivers, which are, indeed, as Pascal calls them, "marching roads," refreshing and gladdening the scene, both giving beauty to and receiving it from their shores, and before whose mighty power the rivers of the Old World sink into insignificance. These rivers, taken with the mountains, finely divide the country into important sections. The Mississippi, reckoned from the Missouri, its true source, is more than four thousand miles long, and is inferior only to the Amazon, which is a continuous stream of four thousand miles, glides through fields covered with the rankest verdure, and forests whose grandeur strikes the beholder with wonder and awe. The Mississippi has fifty thousand square miles of boat navigation. This, and the other mighty rivers of our continent, must always furnish the means of communication between the different portions of our country, and prevent its sinking into the barbarism of unknown Africa. Russia, in all her pride of power, may well envy us some of these avenues of internal traffic. If we wish to be persuaded of our immense resources in navigation, let us look at one of the States alone, — Maine, for instance; and we see how it is threaded by rivers, — silver streams in more senses than one. The alluvial soil on the shores of such rivers is always immensely productive. Indeed, the whole continent is especially suited to cultivation; for, although it has not half as large an amount of land as the Old World, it is quite its equal in that suited to tillage. There is not a single desert in America, with the exception of one on the Chilian coast: for the western portion of the Mississippi is never entirely destitute of herbage; while the most desolate parts of New Mexico abound in salt lakes, and in licks, so called because it is said

that animals come down from the highlands to lick up the saline particles with which the soil is impregnated. Our prairies and pampas, stretching for miles, fields of waving green, without a stone or hillock, and affording sustenance to countless herds, more than rival the tangled tropical vegetation of the Old World.

The vegetable kingdom of the New World is much more extensive than that of the Old in proportion to the soil. Of fifty thousand different species of plants on the globe, according to Humboldt, twenty thousand belong to America, while Europe has but ten thousand. Linnæus, in his graphic language, says "that a practical botanist can, at the first glance, distinguish the plants of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; but it is not easy to tell how one does this." There is a certain character of sullenness, obscurity, and gloom in the plants of Africa; something lofty and elevated in those of Asia; sweet and smiling in those of America. Asia has the banyan, which, like the fabled giant of old, renews its strength by touching the earth; of which Milton sings, —

> "In the ground
> The bended twigs take root; and daughters grow
> About the mother tree, — a pillared shade,
> High overarched, and echoing walks between."

Africa has the mighty adansonia, the largest tree in the world. Indeed, all the rarest and most curious kinds of trees, fruits, and edible roots, belong to the Old World. We have wild cherries, plums, and crab-apples; but they will probably never receive the attention here they have obtained in Europe, where they have been so highly cultivated that Michaux mentions three hundred different kinds of apples in France alone. We have, however, many

curious and valuable tropical trees, — trees which are, as has been said of the olive, a real mine on the surface of the earth. The native, with his little cabin, his plot of ground, and a few plantain-trees, is able easily to support his careless existence. Of edible plants, we have our own pease, beans, onions, artichokes, potatoes, and many others. Many edible roots are probably still unused, which may take the place of the potato, if that plant should die out. We are rich in grasses, the most precious of the vegetable productions. It has been computed that one-sixth of all the plants on the globe are grasses; and, of these, America has a large proportion, — much larger than Europe. Linnæus, who was fond of tracing analogies between men and plants, called grasses the plebeians of the vegetable world. Rustic in taste, humble in dress, like the useful farmer in society, they everywhere mark the line between verdure and sterility, gladdening the heart of man, and affording food to flocks and herds. Whilst the grains need our constant care for their preservation, the grasses grow without fail, under the protection of the Almighty Father alone. It would be impossible to estimate, in dollars, the value of this carpet of verdure which clothes our hills and valleys in living green. Such plants as cotton, maize, tobacco, and sugar-cane, are apparently of more importance as staples of commerce.

Maize should be used on our seal as the symbol of our wealth. Of all the cereals, it grows most widely, extending from the forty-fourth degree of north latitude to the corresponding parallel south. It grows wild on the Rocky Mountains and in the forests of Paraguay. The earliest historians of this country speak of its cultivation; and the palace-gardens of the Incas were ornamented with its grains, spikes, and leaves, in gold and silver. According to the

census of 1850, the corn-crop of the United States amounted to 592,326,612 bushels. The crop of Illinois had increased sixty per cent in ten years.

Nature has richly endowed both worlds with the cotton which so bountifully aids the civilized as well as the savage man, and adds to the commerce and wealth of the countries producing it. The earliest histories speak of its cultivation, and the discoverers of this continent found the natives using it. It has been said that the cotton of the East Indies is superior to that of America; but it was not so proved at the World's Fair. The culture of the cotton in this country has, however, receded south. It was once grown in Virginia, but is now confined to the Southern States; and Alabama is the finest cotton-growing State. The abstract of the seventh census asserts, in spite of this, that the crop will rather increase than diminish, and that, in 1860, it will probably amount to four millions of bales.

Tobacco, like the maize, was first found in this country, extending from New Hampshire to Mexico. It is now largely cultivated in France and other European countries, in the Levant, and in India; but the tobacco of the United States is generally admitted to be superior to others. It has a much higher flavor than the tobacco of Europe; a superiority probably owing to climate and soil. The quantity of tobacco exported from the United States in 1852 amounted to two hundred million pounds. Tobacco is cultivated in Mexico, but only for home consumption. According to M'Culloch, tobacco is one of the principal sources of the Mexican revenue, and has yielded the government nearly half a million of dollars. In all the Spanish provinces of that country, we shall find trade so restricted by vexatious monopolies as to be almost destroyed.

Wheat, rice, and sugar-cane, as well as oats, rye, and barley, are not indigenous to the country; but our soil and climate are especially suited to their cultivation. Wheat is, next to maize, the most important crop in the United States, and is easily grown not only in North but in South America. Portions of Canada are the best wheat-producing lands in the world. Next to the samples of wheat from Australia, our own were the finest at the World's Fair. The census of 1850 shows that the wheat-crop has progressed with the population of the oldest States of the Union. In 1850 it amounted to a hundred million bushels. The sugar-cane and rice are confined to narrower limits. Rice, which forms one-third part of the food of the human race, is cultivated in the torrid zone, wherever there is plenty of water, and will mature as high as the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, and the thirty-eighth of south. Wild rice is found on the shores of Lake Michigan, and was used by the natives as a substitute for the rice of commerce. All these plants, which form so large a portion of the food of man, must be considered of the utmost importance in estimating the resources of a country. We must not forget our native grape, which, we are confident, will one day furnish sparkling wines for the feasts of the Old as well as the New World. It is curious to observe how cultivation extirpates native plants. We cannot, for instance, find the wild oat, barley, or wheat; and the native country of the squash is unknown. Plants left to nature rarely decay, though Humboldt mentions a case of vegetable death in the State of Maine, about twenty years ago. Plants are sometimes strangely neglected. The potato, which was carried from this country to Ireland, was not used here until brought back by the immigrants from Londonderry; and we know

that the plum, cherry, cabbage, and other plants, were unknown in England in Henry VIII.'s time, though they had been common two centuries before.

But we are richest in timber-trees. There are more than a hundred and thirty-seven different species of timber-trees, above thirty feet in height, in America. Of seventy-four known species of oak, forty-four belong to this continent. We all know the importance of the fruit, wood, and bark of this tree; the wood, from its hardness and durability, being of special value in ship-building. The live oak rivals the teak-wood of India; but, being confined to certain favorable localities, it is, for want of care, rapidly diminishing in the United States. It is still, however, an important article of manufacture and export. Next to the oak, in number of species, comes the ash, the distinguishing properties of whose wood are strength and elasticity; and it unites them to so high a degree, that, for many valuable purposes, it could be but imperfectly replaced by any other tree. There are as many as thirty species found east of the Mississippi. The mahogany, walnut, and maple are of particular use in cabinet-making and various kinds of building. The mahogany and walnut are both natives of the East Indies; and the mahogany, which is found abundantly in the Gulf countries, is valuable not only for the durability of its wood, but for the peculiar polish of which it is susceptible. The walnut is largely used, and ranks near the oak and the ash in the number of its species. More than ten have been found within the United States.

The maple, in general, is a lofty and beautiful tree, often reaching the height of eighty or ninety feet. Seven species have been found in North America; and they are the less liable to die out, as, from their rapid growth, they

are constantly used for shade-trees. To the maples succeed the birches, — very important and valuable trees, and growing in the poorest land. The natives made houses of their wood, and canoes of their bark: with their leaves they dyed their nets, and from the sap procured a mild and saccharine beverage. Michaux mentions seven different species found in North America. We have only two varieties of the beach, and two of the elm; but these grow easily and abundantly. One of the finest and most beautiful trees east of the Mississippi is the locust. It has durability superior to that of any other tree, except the red mulberry. It grows rapidly; and nothing can be more beautiful than its branches when in full bloom. It is common to all the Eastern States. There are fourteen different species of pine in America. These are of value, not only for their wood, but for the pitch, tar, and turpentine which are obtained from them. There were about a hundred thousand dollars' worth of mahogany, cedar-wood, and satin-wood exported in 1852 from the United States. All kinds of lumber exported amounted to a hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars. The tar, pitch, rosin, and turpentine exported exceeded a hundred thousand dollars.

We have not spoken of the numerous beautiful species of magnolia, or of the other rare curiosities of our forests, — not even of the mighty cypress-trees of the Valley of the Mississippi, or the giants of the Amazon; for we can give only a very general idea of the number and importance of our forest-trees. The late gambling mania in timber-lands in Maine proved how highly they were valued; but no statistics can give us any exact notion of their importance. We must remember that we are a nation of twenty-five millions of people, constantly consuming wood for fuel,

manufacture, and building. Every ship that sails on our seas has shorn some forest of its glory. It may interest the curious to learn that our largest merchant vessels have the keel of rock-maple, the beams and deck of pitch-pine, the planks of white oak, the knees of hackmatack (a species of larch), and the masts of white pine. White oak was formerly much more used than now. Our *Materia Medica* has been largely enriched by the gums and barks of these trees, as well as by roots and herbs. The sassafras-tree was the especial object of the search of the early discoverers of our country.

The fauna of a country very much depends upon its flora; as herbivorous animals alone abound where the soil is rich and prolific, while the carnivorous always have a wider range. We shall find that wild animals decrease as domestic animals increase in value by civilization; and the day will come in America, when the bear, bison, and elk will be rare. The staple animal productions of a country must then be derived from those animals which live in climates defying cultivation, or in the waters where man has but limited power. Indeed, as if to provide an unfailing source of food for human beings, the water is an inalienable home of the animal, as the land is of the vegetable kingdom; and there, comparatively safe from the exterminating power of man, the abundance of the seas constantly awaits his necessities. Humboldt and other naturalists have declared that not a single bird or beast is common to both worlds. But this must be taken in a large sense: for we must consider as more correct the assertion of Agassiz, that the arctic fauna of both continents is the same; that there is a similarity, but not identity, in the temperate zones of both worlds; and that, as to the tropical

fauna, the two continents are almost wholly unlike. The grand divisions of a continent also mark distinctions in its fauna, which varies greatly east and west of the Rocky Mountains, on the Andes, and on the highlands of Brazil. We shall also find, as remarked by Linnæus, that all the larger animals belong to the Old World: the elephant, the lion, and the tiger reign in the primeval forests of Africa, whose darkness no dawn of civilization has ever penetrated. Almost all the domestic animals belong to the Old World. We have, however, the sheep of the Rocky Mountains, and the prairie dog. Buffon has asserted, that, while plants improve by transplanting from the Old World, animals always deteriorate. This can be true only in those cases where they have not received proper attention. The swine which were left by the Southern adventurers in the forests of Georgia grew to an immense size; and the horse has become almost native to our Western plains, — so much so as to be constantly used by the Indians; and we have heard startling accounts of the Cossack-riding of the Camanches. We have not as yet, however, produced any breeds peculiarly our own. Proper attention has been bestowed only on neat cattle and domestic fowls; and, of these last, we doubt if the imported shanghais can ever equal the unassuming old hen that first came to our shores. All our lasting resources in the fauna of this country must be found in those animals which produce furs; and, in those, we can nearly equal the Old World. We have sable and ermine, — both royal furs; foxes, badgers, and bears; while the beautiful mink and chinchilla are wholly American. The fur-trade of the last year amounted to nearly a million dollars. The birds of a country are of no great importance, except as sources of pleasure. It is remarkable that we have so

few singing-birds; as the nightingale, telling her lamentable story, her breast upon a thorn; the lark, which sings at heaven's gate; and the English robin, with her household chirp, — are not heard among us. Many birds of the most beautiful plumage are strangers to our continent, as the whole tribe of parrots belong to the East Indies; but we are not wholly wanting in rare and beautiful birds. We have an abundance of humming-birds, — those flowers of the animal kingdom, of which there are more than three hundred species, as if nature delighted in fashioning them; mocking-birds, that ape their more gifted sisters; and the eagle, with his eyry in our mountains, — the symbol of our sovereignty. We have also many birds which furnish excellent food; numerous tribes of ducks and geese; and the wild turkey, whose beauty it cost the painter-naturalist Audubon so much pains to delineate. Aquatic birds have recently acquired a new value from the guano they produce, which has enriched the kingdom of Peru like the opening of a new mine.

The real source of our animal wealth is in the rivers and seas. There are more than ten thousand known species of fish: and a very large proportion of these haunt our shores; for, like animals on land, they always frequent certain localities. Some of them, indeed, have a wide range, as the oyster extends from Nova Scotia to Florida; and we are confident, that, if the elk dies out in our forests and the turkey on our plains, this bivalve will prove an inexhaustible resource to man. Fish have, from time immemorial, been an important article of food. Lucullus, the Roman epicure, found fish the most expensive rarity on his table. In modern times, James II., of England, was entertained with a magnificent banquet, wholly of fish; and the fishmongers' guild in London has still luxurious

feasts, though not confined to fish. As articles, therefore, of consumption and export, they are great sources of wealth. Entire communities have, as Mr. Sabine says in his invaluable report, believed that there was no surer way to wealth and eminence than by traffic in the fisheries. The assertions of Smith, that the waters of New England were more abundant in fish than those of Newfoundland, had a controlling effect in directing thither the steps of adventurers. The cod fisheries have proved the most valuable of the American fisheries; and they early became a source of rivalry among European nations. In the seventeenth century, France boasted that her cod fisheries could supply continental Europe; and, since that time, there has been no diminution in the trade. We can derive some idea of its importance from Mr. Sabine, who writes that he has documents showing that the value of dry codfish imported into the little kingdom of Portugal alone for twenty-five years, ending in 1825, amounted to thirty-nine million dollars. According to M'Culloch, the total produce of the British fisheries in the various seas and rivers of America, including oil, seal, and skins, is estimated at an average, for the five years ending in 1832, of $4,500,000 a year. This has not decreased since. The trade of other countries is much less. According to the report of M. Aucet, France employed, in 1851, about three hundred vessels in the cod fisheries.

The United States, from their vicinity, have, of course, the utmost interest in these fisheries. Well may they value such a source of wealth, when every Englishman is ready to do battle for them, and appreciates them as highly as the renowned Sam Slick, who writes from Nova Scotia to his friend, "They are in the midst of fisheries, squire, — all sorts of fisheries too: river fisheries of shad, salmon, gas-

pereau, and herring; shore fisheries of mackerel and cod; Bank fishery and Labrador fishery. I never seed nor heerd tell of a country that had so many natral privileges as this." The most important fishing on the coast of America is that of the cod, mackerel, herring, and whale. In 1840, the capital invested in the fisheries was about sixteen million dollars. In 1852, 369,002 tons of shipping were employed in the United States in the whale, mackerel, and cod fishery. The fish — dried, smoked, and packed — imported into the United States amounted to more than half a million of dollars; while that exported was valued at about two million dollars. Mackerel frequent our shores in schools; and we have often seen a little fleet of three hundred vessels busy all day in catching this delicious fish.

The herring fishery is more precarious. Herrings have entirely disappeared from the shores of Sweden, where they were once abundant. Even the whale has constantly decreased in number, and has fled to basins and shores less accessible to man. We cannot expect that any place like New Bedford or Nantucket will again spring up from the wealth of the whale fisheries. But the river fishery is the most changeable of all. Salmon, and fish like the shy trout, invariably fly the approach of man; but we may trust that their place will always be supplied by the innumerable finny tribes that dwell in the deep. We cannot, of course, estimate the value of such fish as the white-fish of our lakes, or other varieties of our rivers; but we know, as Dr. Franklin says, that he who draws out a fish from the sea, draws out a piece of silver. Surely our fishermen are of inestimable importance. If our mountaineers are our national land-guard, our fishermen are our real navy. Indeed, men trained in the painful and dangerous labors of the seal

and whale fishery are not likely to be alarmed at any of the exigencies or horrors of war. Mr. Sabine truly remarks, that eminent authors on commerce and navigation, and statesmen of world-wide fame, have declared that the English navy became formidable alone by the discovery of the inexhaustibly rich banks of Newfoundland; and that writers of acknowledged judgment have observed, that, by the cod fishery in America, her navy became formidable to all Europe.

In precious stones, the New is inferior to the Old World. The diamonds of Brazil and the pearls of California have already become famous; but they will never equal those of Golconda and Balsora. It truly seems more fitting that such precious jewels should be found in a world where they could adorn the state of princes, the orgies of a Cleopatra, or the pomp of triumphal processions. We trust that individuals in this country will never attain a wealth which shall justify extravagance in such bawbles.

But if in our vegetables we are the granary, so in our metals we are the treasury, of the world. Gold and silver were wrought in the first ages. We find that they were lavishly used by the princes of Mexico and the Incas of Peru, on the discovery of our own continent. Indeed, avarice was the ruling motive which impelled the Europeans to the exploration and settlement of our country. Little did they think that the golden ears of maize were of more value than the mine of Mexico. The immense amount of the precious metals which flooded Spain after the discovery of the mines of Brazil, Potosi, and Mexico, by disturbing trade, was probably one cause of the decline of power in that monarchy. The gold and silver mines of the Old World seem generally to have decreased in value, and some were

no longer worked on the discovery of America. There was a general and constant increase in the amount of these metals, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, till, in 1809, the value of gold and silver, obtained in America, Europe, and Siberia, amounted to fifty million dollars; which, from the wars of Napoleon and other causes, decreased, in 1829, to twenty-five million. Of this immense sum, two-thirds of the silver of the world were exported from Mexico.

Peru, including Bolivia or Upper Peru, has always been considered the most prolific gold region in the world, with the exception of California. The celebrated silver mountain of Potosi is eighteen miles in circumference, and almost an entire mass of ore. In two hundred years, it yielded no less than sixteen hundred and forty-seven million dollars. Since 1829, the mines of Georgia, Carolina, and California, have been opened; and the golden store has constantly increased, until the fable of Aladdin's wealth has become more than realized.

The gold region of California extends from four to five hundred miles in length, and from forty to fifty in width, on the western slope of the Nevada. A writer in the "London Athenæum" estimates the supply of gold in the world, for 1851, at a hundred million dollars, of which seventy-five million came from California. T. Butler King, in his report to the Government, estimates the value of gold dug in California from 1848 to 1849 at forty million dollars. The amount of two hundred and sixty million dollars was officially returned from the mint of San Francisco, for the five years and ten months ending in 1853. Some have asserted that the future supply cannot be less than seventy-five million dollars annually; but a writer in the "North

British Review" for 1851 asserts that it will not exceed twenty-five million for the next quarter of a century. As soon as the gold ceases to be found in the river-washings, and must be worked out in the mountains, it will become less remunerative; the golden day of California will have departed: but then she will have become richer as an agricultural State, and her farmers will have more than replaced her miners. The riches of a community, wisely adds the English critic, depend upon the mass of commodities which they possess; to which the metallic wealth will always bear a small proportion.

Quicksilver has not till recently been found in North America; but the mines of it in Peru have been of the greatest importance in working the silver-mines of Mexico.

Tin also is of rare occurrence, even in the Old World. In the United States, according to Dr. Jackson, it was first found in Jackson, New Hampshire. Since then, it has been reported that veins have been discovered in California; while they were long ago found in Brazil, and worked in Mexico.

Iron is the metal most widely diffused and most abundant in this country; so much so, that no large district exists without it. It is found along the Appalachian chain, through New England, and in Nova Scotia; but is deposited in the most remarkable form in Missouri. Pilot Knob, five hundred feet high, is partly, and Iron Mountain, three hundred feet high and two miles in circumference, is entirely, composed of this metal. On the shores of Lake Superior also there are large mines of this ore. The products of wrought and pig iron in the United States in 1850 amounted to twenty-eight million dollars.

Copper has been found abundantly in this country; and,

in the basin of Lake Superior, extends for several thousand miles. Masses of tolerably pure copper, weighing four tons, have been found. The amount extracted in 1850 was estimated at two thousand tons. We would refer to the report of Dr. Jackson for interesting statistics with regard to the mineral wealth in the region of the Great Lakes.

Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois are our great lead States. There is a district of lead in Missouri extending a hundred miles in length and fifty in breadth. This deposit is, however, far exceeded by that of Wisconsin, which extends into Iowa and Illinois. In 1839, the lead smelted from this deposit amounted to thirty million pounds. Lead ore also abounds in other States; but has been generally neglected, on account of the facility with which the mines of Wisconsin have been worked.

The veriest miser would grow weary in reckoning our stores of antimony, manganese, cobalt, and zinc; our wealth in quarries of marble, limestone, and granite; the treasures, known and unknown, in our own fair land, through the length and breadth of Canada, and in the unexplored regions of South America.

If all else fail us, we shall still be rich in our coal-fields, which are enormously developed in North America. The coal in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick covers an extent of a thousand miles; in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, it measures five hundred square miles; the great Appalachian coal-field reaches from New York to Alabama; while the coal-fields of Michigan, Missouri, and Iowa, to say nothing of those farther west, make the grand total equal to two hundred and twenty-five thousand square miles. Even if our country should be as densely peopled as Great Britain, which has two hundred and fifty persons

to the square mile, she would have an abundance of coal to warm her people, — a nation of seven hundred millions. In 1845, the amount of coal mined in all the country was about four million tons; and, in 1852, it probably was increased to six million.

We have thus attempted to give some idea of the resources of North America. Our remarks have, of course, been very limited and imperfect. Even the United States, where enterprise is most active, is but partially explored and cultivated. It is not many years ago, that the journey of Col. Fremont across the Rocky Mountains was considered as hazardous in the extreme. Necessity, the spur of exertion, has hardly been felt; and we of the temperate zone have almost luxuriated in tropical wealth, the trees dropping their ripened fruit into the idle hand. What results may not be imagined from the force of increasing population!

Already the entering wedge of Anglo-Saxon energy has penetrated the fine country of Mexico, and South America must soon feel its impulse. We were astonished at the statistical report for 1851 of the kingdom of Chili, — a small and comparatively poor kingdom, which, with a population of little more than a million, exported goods to the amount of twenty-eight million dollars. What will such a country be, when the invaluable resources of the basin of the Amazon, Oronoco, and La Plata, are fully developed? Plainly, we have insignia of sovereignty worthy of a free people in our sheaves of grain, our golden spikes of maize, our glowing forges, and in our eagle, meet emblem of the progressive spirit of our fresh and vigorous civilization.

SLAVERY.*

SLAVERY is almost as old as the world. It seemed so natural a state to the philosphers of antiquity, that they never appeared to think that the human race could exist without it; and no one of either ancient or modern writers on law has attempted to expose the consequences of slavery upon society. Yet these consequences have been most important; for, in all ages, every nation has exercised a powerful influence upon other nations, according to its manners, wealth, and intelligence; and it follows, that no nation which has rejected slavery can have escaped its influence as long as it existed.

We shall endeavor to show the effect which slavery has had, in all ages, on the moral, intellectual, and physical nature of master and slave; judging it only in masses, and not in isolated cases, which may have escaped the usual results. The history of slavery may be divided into three epochs: the first, beginning with the earliest times, and ending with the fall of the Roman empire; the second, that of

* This article was written in the spring of 1857, and was left in an unfinished and somewhat fragmentary state, as increasing illness prevented its revision and completion. It is printed as it was left, being on the last subject to which the writer was able to devote any continuous thought. She had been reading, at the time, Comte's "Traité de Législation," referred to in one of her latest letters.

the feudal régime; and the third, dating from the sixteenth century, with the foundation of the European colonies in America, and extending to our own time.

During the first epoch, slavery existed in all the states of Europe. Prisoners of war were part of the booty; and the aristocracy of Rome cared very little for the loss of a few soldiers, if they could make a whole city slaves. Slavery became the interest of the aristocracy. The most influential men were those who possessed the greatest number of slaves, and they used their authority to guarantee their possessions. Even the priests of Apollo demanded their portion of the prisoners of war as slaves.

In the second epoch, slaves were commonly attached to the soil; and their masters, owing to the general poverty, obliged to consume the greater part of their revenues without exchange, and lived with their slaves on the produce of the land. The masters, being little united by trade, were little united in other interests. Consequently, their authority over their slaves was feeble; and the slaves, by often uniting with one man against another, increased their own power.

In the third epoch, slavery has appeared under a new aspect. The slaves have no longer belonged to the same race as their masters: they have differed in color, features, religion, and manners. The enslaved have been devoted to some especial branch of agriculture, and have been allowed only the absolute necessaries of life; but the masters have been constantly restrained by the opinions of Christian nations who have rejected slavery.

Nothing could be more cruel than slavery, as it existed among the Romans. A father could sell his children, even if married, and also his grandchildren; debtors were

sold by creditors; citizen, by citizen. The market was always open; and the law allowed the most severe punishments to be inflicted by the masters. A slave, among the Romans, owned nothing, — neither family, lodging, clothes, nor even his own life. Like all property, he belonged, body and soul, to his master.

The slaves of the middle ages had a more endurable position: for, being attached to the soil, they were sold only with it; and, the product of their labor having little exchangeable value, a considerable portion of it often remained to the cultivators.

Slavery in the American colonies resembles that under the Romans, but differs from it in three remarkable points: the slaves and masters belong to different races; the products of their labor are generally intended for export; and the masters are restrained by the influence of Christian nations.

In order to judge of the effects which slavery produces, it is necessary to consider not only the physical, intellectual, and moral faculties of men, but the different kinds of degradation and perfection of which those faculties are susceptible. The physical nature of man has not been degraded by slavery; for, while the slaves are employed in all kinds of menial offices, the masters have indulged themselves in the chase, and in such exercises as have tended to the perfection of the body. But the same circumstances which conspire to give the masters a fine organization, conspire also to ruin the physique of the slaves. We have few documents upon this subject from the ancients; but we cannot imagine that Phidias sought his models among the Helots. In modern times, we well know how destructive the influence of slavery is to the physical constitution of the

slaves. According to Raynal, the slaves in the French colonies decreased one-fifteenth every year; and the colonies in America have been mainly supported by the slave-trade.

The first effect of slavery on the masters is to make them look upon useful labor with contempt. "In a State perfectly governed," says Aristotle, "the citizens ought to exercise neither mechanical arts nor mercantile employments; and they ought not even to be laborers." This was the general opinion of the Greeks and Romans. The greatest reproach that Antony made to Octavius was, not that he was hypocritical, perfidious, and cruel, but that, among his ancestors, there was one who had exercised a useful business, — that of a banker.

The slavery of the feudal era produced the same effect upon the masters; and men who considered themselves degraded by buying horses, or digging the ground, felt not degraded by buying and selling human beings.

In modern times, also, idleness has been considered a virtue. The Dutch, at home the most industrious of people, have shown themselves as indolent as other colonists; and, in the United States, it is well known that masters leave industrious labors entirely to the slaves. We may ask what effect slavery has on the industrious habits of the slave. Forced to labor for his master, he does every thing in a mechanical manner; and, if the masters should perish, it is evident that the arts would perish with them.

Idle thus from principle, there was another cause which in ancient times hindered the intellectual and industrial development of the masters. By position they were despots; and despotism and idleness are opposed to all improvement.

In modern times, most of the European colonies which

have received slavery have rather retreated than advanced in the march of improvement. The Anglo-Americans alone have found themselves, in many respects, in the situation of the Roman masters. Free with regard to themselves, they are despots in relation to the slave. Despising labor, they can have no knowledge of its processes; but they have developed their talents in the art of government. If the Southern States have furnished the men most fit to govern, and the North the men most skilful in business, it has been owing to the presence of slavery with the former. The slaves of these masters receive no intellectual education. They are, in general, idle and awkward; for the hand executes well only what the mind has well conceived. Our physical organs are, so to speak, merely the instruments of our intelligence; and that intelligence, when it has received no development, can never well direct the organs which obey its will.

Our observations, thus far, must lead us to conclude, in the first place, that slavery has no bad effect on the physical nature of the master, but that it must always hinder him from acquiring a control over the forces of nature. In the second place, we conclude that slavery favors the intellectual development of individuals of the same class in all that relates to the art of governing men, or of acquiring dominion over them. In the third place, we feel confident that slavery is utterly destructive to the intellectual, moral, and physical nature of the slave, and that it makes him useless to himself as well as to others.

Slavery has a most injurious effect on that class of the people who must labor for their living. This effect was much more fatal among the ancients than the moderns; for the ancients emigrated only with arms in their hands, while every country is open to the modern free laborer. In

the middle age of the Roman republic, when the fields were tilled by slaves, and the slaves of the aristocracy exercised all the different trades, there were no means of livelihood remaining to that large class of free Roman citizens called proletaries, except public distributions, pillage made in war, largesses from those who wished to buy their votes, or some trade secretly exercised. In the year 278 of the foundation of the city, this class of people numbered more than a hundred and ten thousand men, who were not allowed to pursue commercial business or any trade. The poor debtors were reduced to slavery, and their condition was a constant cry of insurrection. When we see Cæsar repeopling Corinth and Carthage with Romans who had no home, and sending out colonies of eighty-four thousand men at a time, it is not difficult for us to believe in the excessive misery endured by that portion of the poor people of Rome who were not slaves.

It is somewhat difficult to learn the effect which slavery has had upon the manners, whether of the ancients or the moderns; for few or no books have been written on the subject, and we can judge only from incidental facts. Among the Romans, the first-fruits of slavery were, of course, idleness; and when, in their career of conquest, war ceased, then followed the consequences of that idleness, — a mad passion for every kind of sensual enjoyment. It is almost impossible to conceive of the gluttony of the Roman grandees, when the earth was ravaged to furnish their debauchery, and the riches of a province were swallowed up in a repast. Love had no delicacy among them as among the moderns; for masters accustomed to beat virgins with rods knew no power but force, and had never learned to yield to persuasion or prayers. Women

were scarce higher in reputed rank than slaves; and it is easy to imagine the corruption that prevailed among the young men in such a society. The women also must have been faithless and jealous, when every slave might be a rival: of this we have a startling proof in the conspiracy of the patrician women against their husbands, when a hundred and sixty women, all of them the wives of senators, were convicted of poisoning, and condemned to death. Divorce became so common, that some writers said the women counted their years, not by the consuls, but by the number of their husbands. Scarcely does an author speak of a celebrated man, without also speaking of the debauchery of his wife and sisters. So great was the general immorality, that the senate thought to stay it by exiling the women. But we stand aghast as we contemplate this degraded state of society. The Romans showed themselves no less passionate for plays and shows than for the pleasures of the table. Gladiators followed the ferocious contests of wild beasts; and Trajan, of happy memory, slaughtered, for the pleasure of his subjects, about ten thousand men and eleven thousand beasts.

When such was the character of the masters, what must have been the condition of the slaves? *They* have had, alas! no historians. But how often do we read of slaves escaping from prisons, and showing their cruel wounds in the market-place! We know to what degradation poor debtors were subjected. In order to protect themselves, the masters procured a law, that, every time a master was found dead, every slave he owned should perish with him; and Tacitus tells us of one instance in which four hundred slaves were slain, without form of trial, because their master was found dead in his house. Torn by rods, starved in dungeons,

nailed to the cross, — we shrink with horror from such cruelties, even after thousands of years. Seditions were frequent, but rarely or never among the foreign slaves, and were common only among the debtors. Patricians could never become slaves; as their plebeian clients were bound to pay their debts, and became slaves if they did not pay them. These poor clients also were bound to give dowries to the daughters of their patrician lords; and, oppressed by so many taxes, they but too readily fell a prey to the patrician creditor and master.

Such was slavery among the Romans. Among the patricians, there were the usual contempt for labor, love of idleness, passion for sensual pleasures and gross spectacles, cruelty, debauchery, pride, perfidy, and arrogance; and the richest even of the plebeians had scarcely the dignity of a modern mendicant.

Among the moderns, slavery has had a different influence on manners: for, the slaves being of another race and color, every connection between the master and slave has been public; and the children thus born, though no less slaves, have often been of as pure a color as their masters. Hence among all classes has arisen a contempt for family ties; for how can brother care for brother, when he has the right to beat his brother, — the image of himself, — without interference or complaint? Barrow, speaking of the colonies at the Cape, says that no society would tolerate their indecency; and Sparrman writes, that the cruelty with which the slaves are treated exceeds all description. The Dutch Government at home has in vain attempted to restrain these colonists. "Truth," says Barrow, "is not among their virtues, decency is no more respected than truth," and robbery is not considered a crime.

The same manners prevail in Guiana. Stedman, in relating the cruelties of the masters of this colony, while endeavoring to save the women from his severest strictures, admits that they are unkind and harsh, and that they abandon themselves entirely to their passions. Of course, they are jealous of their handsome slaves; and he speaks of mistresses who branded the young women on their plantations upon the cheeks and breast. The graver crimes, such as revolt or resistance, are, according to the same author, punished by the longest and most cruel torments which the imagination of the master can invent; such as burning, breaking on the wheel, &c., while the poor sufferer is often suspended upon a cross stick before a slow fire, and lingers many days in horrible torture. The pride of the masters is equal to their cruelty. Stedman relates instances of their ferocity and arrogance, which are truly astonishing.

Such are the manners of the Dutch in Guiana and at the Cape; and they are the same in the other Dutch possessions of the East. So idle are the Dutch colonists, that it is well known the common labors of life could not be performed without the Chinese; and Boujainville and Thumberg relate stories similar to those of Stedman.*

If such are the consequences of slavery in all the Dutch colonies, the English have none the less suffered. It is necessary only to read the papers written both by the masters and the friends of the slave, laid before Parliament, in order to effect the abolition of slavery in these colonies, for proof of the misery it has entailed upon master and slave. In private life, the conjugal tie has not been re-

* It must be remembered that these accounts reach only to 1825.

spected where a large portion of the slaves were of mulatto blood, and where the slave has held an equal place with her mistress in the heart of the master; and men have easily learned to disregard the rights of their fellow-men of the same race, when every kind of indignity and cruelty was allowed to beings of their own blood. In Jamaica, it was conceded that the whites abandoned themselves to the grossest license; and, though the slave was permitted to complain of the cruelties of the master, it appeared from witnesses, that these complaints were rarely heard. If the master had any dislike to the slave, he might easily sell him to a more cruel master; families were separated, and the whip of the master repressed all the natural emotions of the slave. These deductions are drawn from the voluminous documents laid before Parliament, and fully corroborated by witnesses.

Slavery has assumed in the United States a peculiar form and character; for the citizens have adopted liberty as their watchword, and their government is the nearest approach to a free government that the world has yet seen. Besides, the union of free and slave States has had a modifying influence upon slavery. Yet the Southern States have not escaped its evil effects. Its tendency has already been to degrade useful labor; and travellers speak of idleness, and a love of physical enjoyments, as strikingly characteristic of the Southern Anglo-American slaveholder. Sleeping, eating, and drinking are his principal pleasures. Walking is a fatigue, especially for the women; and Probin notices their pronunciation as excessively languishing. Neither novelty nor striking events can startle their apathy; and pride alone seems to rouse them. Even the free men who do not possess slaves are less enterprising, robust, and ingenious than

their Northern brethren. In private life, the eye at once detects the numerous liaisons which must have existed between master and slave; and the mind naturally draws the inference from such licentiousness.

Slavery has, however, been lightened on those plantations where sugar is not cultivated; because the common pastoral labors are not so oppressive, and the masters, generally residing upon the plantations, have liked to show their wealth by great numbers of household servants. On the plantations, the slaves, if not ill treated, are, whatever the cultivation, ill lodged and poorly clad. Their houses are often mere huts, open to the rain and wind, furnished with scarcely as much skill as those of a savage; and their food is as poor as their dwellings, — rice, fish, bacon, and such things as would satisfy the cravings of hunger alone. The slaves can be punished for not obeying the caprices of their masters, or for breaking the regulations of the police. Although cruelty is interdicted, and the master is amenable for the life of his slave, all travellers speak of the cruelty of many of the masters; and what redress can a slave expect in a court where the judges are his masters, and where his word is not taken?

No master dares, if he would, instruct his slaves. All union among them is expressly forbidden, and they are watched in the closest manner. Accustomed to such arbitrary acts, is it possible that the manners of the masters should be mild and agreeable? On the contrary, Jefferson mentions the violence of the passions of the Southerners. Quarrels are frequent on the slightest provocation, and are appeased only by a duel; and the dirk, says Fearon, is an inseparable companion to all classes. Color, rather than virtue, distinguishes men; and women, even of doubtful

reputation, possess from such a distinction a false elevation.

But, fortunately for the slave, some circumstances modify slavery in America more than in other countries. In the first place, sugar is not largely cultivated, and other kinds of agricultural produce require less labor; as the slave cultivators of corn in Poland and Russia are better nourished than those in other countries who cultivate rice, and the slave keepers of the flocks in Arabia come more nearly to the level of the master. Secondly, in America, the master lives among his slaves, and takes a pride in his house-servants; and true attachments are often formed between master and slave. Thirdly, slavery is constantly modified by the restraining influence of the Free States, and of free Christian nations.

The history of slavery in the French colonies is the counterpart of that of other nations; but it has, if possible, been more cruel, the plantations having been principally sugar plantations. It is sufficient to state, that the annual diminution of the slave population under the French *régime* has been one and a half per cent; and, in the Island of Trinidad, three and two-fifths; while, according to Raynal, the annual diminution in all the colonies, taken together, amounts to five per cent.

The Spanish colonies of America, in which slavery has existed, have had some peculiar advantages. Sugar is less cultivated: and, as the government allows little foreign trade, the labors of the slave are of small value; so that they are rather a burden than an advantage, and the master is frequently glad to free them. Indeed, absolute necessity often makes the proud and idle Spaniard industrious. But here, as elsewhere, slavery, by creating a false distinction

of color, has the effect of making the master arrogant: for, naturally fond of titles, the Spaniard takes credit to himself, first, that he is better than the native; and, secondly, better than the Ethiopian. On the whole, however, it must be confessed, that among the Spaniards slavery exists in its mildest form; and the bad laws of the government, by prohibiting trade and producing a general inaction, have done more for the slaves than all the journals, the sermons, and the philanthropy of the French and Dutch colonists.

But we naturally ask the question, What influence has slavery on liberty among the masters? It makes the masters despotic, idle, proud, and overbearing, — an effect which, in the Southern States of North America, re-acts on the other States. How can men have true ideas of liberty, when they regard a large portion of the population with eyes of suspicion, and are constantly making laws to defend themselves from the dreaded freedom of their slaves? Slavery, in modern times, has been less pernicious to liberty than among the ancients, inasmuch as the slaves have been generally of a certain color, and known when seen. Were it not so, how soon should we see re-enacted the story of Virginia! — a free white woman claimed as a slave. For the slave, there is little real hope of freedom; and, when free, he cannot live in peace among a slave population. But the most evident effect of slavery in the South of the United States is the non-existence of an intermediate class of artisans between the master and slave. The splendid houses of the planters stand side by side with low, dirty cabins; and nothing replaces the smiling yet humble villages of the Northern and Middle States. "The slaves could laugh in their chains," says Francis Hall, "if

they only considered how desolate, how hideous, slavery has made the country."

The influence of slavery on production, and the increase and distribution of riches, is of evident importance to the slaveholder. From general facts, three consequences may be deduced as resulting from slavery. First, that slavery is opposed to the accumulation of capital; for what object has the slave in accumulating property for his master? and what surplus is likely to be raised by the blows of the whip? Secondly, slavery is an obstacle to every invention and discovery adapted to facilitate labor; for the master despises labor, and of course has little knowledge of material objects. Thirdly, slavery is an obstacle to every art which demands intelligence; for the slave labors only with his physical organs.

POETRY.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

There came no pealing trumpet;
No banner borne on high;
No clanging drum or cymbal,
That stirred the air and sky.

They strewed no palms by the wayside;
There was no listening throng
To sing glad songs of triumph,
With voices deep and strong.

No censer there was wreathing,
With dim and pérfumed shrouds,
Around the holy Stranger,
In soft and purple clouds.

And kings still bore the sceptre,
Yet bowed not lowly down
Before the holy Son of God,
With his immortal crown.

In lowliness, forgotten,
A manger for his bed,
On his young mother's bosom
The Saviour laid his head.

And save the thrilling music
Of harp-strings struck above
By the cherubim of heaven,
Around the throne of Love, —

And save the starry beacon,
That shone in light on high,
There was no word to welcome him,
The Son of earth and sky.

Thou Star of glory, lead us;
Thou Music, deep and sweet, —
Lead us unto the manger;
Lead us to Jesus' feet!

Dec. 25, 1840.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

The first discoverers of America believed that there was a fountain in Florida which possessed the miraculous power of restoring youth to the aged.

We are travelling on to the Fountain of Youth:
Yet, brothers, stay awhile,
And dream once more of our sunny land,
Where the laughing vineyards smile:
Then our steps we'll speed, though weary and faint,
To the dim and distant shore;
Where we deem that the clouds of sorrow and grief
Will darken our eyes no more.

For they tell us, that there, in that radiant land,
That beautiful land of dreams,
The summer and sunshine do never pass
From the blue and silvery streams:
And a dim and strange mysterious strength
On the sparkling rills has lain;
For the spirit of God has breathed on the waves,
And they bring us our youth again.

Then speed, let us speed, to the glorious strand,
Where the gems lie thick like dew;
And bathe in the fount and the murmuring rills,
That bring us our youth anew:

For our life is a cold and a weary thing
In this mansion-house of woe;
But pain will flee on the emerald banks,
Where the lulling waters flow.

But they never found the Fountain of Youth
On that lonely and lovely shore,
And their wasted joys and their rifled gems
Came back to their souls no more;
Yet they found a stream of enduring strength,
Whose beauty can never fade,
More bright than the rivers of light that flow
In the wilderness gloom and shade.

For their faith grew firm, and their trust more deep,
In the spirit of God above;
And their hearts were filled with a holier hope,
A higher and purer love.
Their souls were strong, for they knew that their tears
Had not been given in vain;
And they found the Fountain of Youth on high,
In the Eden Land, again.

April 3, 1841.

THE DEATH OF MANSFIELD.

"When Mansfield saw that death was inevitable, he called for his armor, which he girded on. He then placed his helmet on his head, grasped his sword in his hand, and, standing erect between two of his comrades, he died as he had lived, — a soldier." *Life of Wallenstein.*

"Ho! bring me mine armor, — haste!
For my life-blood ebbs away;
Bind the greaves on! still would I dream
Of the battle's clang and fray:
Now could I scorn the sun in its pride; —
Look I not glorious? Quick! by my side!

Hirelings! ho, quicker to your task!
I've said I might not wait;
Bring me my shield and falchion broad,
And iron mail of state:
Now will I meet Death cheerily, — see!
Think'st thou he's a warrior bolder than me?

And now the plume I was wont to wear,
When the clouds were thick on high!
And my banner fair — ho! let it wave
Free in the clear blue sky!
How the foemen's armor round me shines!
Ah! — said you so? — see, the light declines!

Yet again, my sword and trusty spear!
I'll fight this battle well:
They count the slain of heroes bold;
But mine they shall not tell.
Death! thou hast won not a tear or sigh:
So, comrades! — so should a warrior die!"

Even thus his star went down:
'Mid the clanging trumpets' blore,
The clash of swords, and the prance of steeds,
He drew to the deathless shore,
Where the songs of Peace through the arches swell:
"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well."

1841.

THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

It is related of Mirabeau, that, when the hour of death drew nigh, he said, "Give me flowers; let me have essences; arrange my dress; let me have music; and close my eyes amid harmony. Why should a man be surrounded with the grave before his time?"

Ye are all here, and yet my heart
Would bear its strife alone,
And leave its kingdom, as a king
Might vanish from his throne,
Rather than bear this sullen gloom,
And the stern darkness in the room.

I've told you that I would not die!
I have not drunk my fill
Of mortal power and glorious fame,—
Once more, I say, be still!
For thus the slave goes down to rest,
While chains are clanking round his breast.

Lift ye the curtains from my couch,
And let the glad sun pour
His burning rays upon my dim
And failing eyes once more,
As in creation's dawn he woke:
Death may be dazzled from his stroke.

And gather flowerets from the brink
  Of rivers hid from sight:
Perchance their fragrance in my heart
  May wake the old delight;
And they may charm away my lot,
That I must die and be forgot.

Bring me sweet harps that lily hands
  Shall touch with gentle strength,
While angel voices breathe that life
  Hath everlasting length,
Till in the harmony my heart
May lose its memory, and depart.

And fold around my wasted frame
  Rich robes of Tyrian dye,
That I have worn on festal nights,
  When lovely forms were nigh;
And on my breast let diamonds blaze:
Death shall not come to close my days!

Ay, ye have done your part full well;
  And yet this listless pain
No pérfumed flower may waft away,
  Nor cool my fevered brain:
Songs cannot give me life and breath:
Alas! who ever cheated Death?

1841.

THE REQUEST.

It is well known, that some of those whom the convulsions of the French Revolution released from prison, after having been long incarcerated, soon returned, and entreated to be restored to their old prison-home.

They are all changed, the friends I left
When life's young pulse beat high:
They met me with a tottering step
And with a darkened eye,
And asked me, while their homes I sought,
Wherefore mine own I left;
Still looking on me with a smile,
And wondering why I wept.
They cared not for my grief and pain:
Oh, give me back my cell again!

They are all changed: my mother sleeps
Within her quiet grave,
There where the trees I set when young
In aged beauty wave;
And by the door my brothers sat,
Old men they were like me,
And passed their hands across their brows,
And thought who I might be, —
While still they thought and looked in vain:
Oh, give me back my cell again!

My sister, whom I left a girl
  Arrayed in beauty's light,
Whose face had been my star of hope
  Through all my prison's night, —
She met me with an altered smile,
  With eyes serene and cold;
And low she murmured, with a sigh,
  That I had grown so old! —
So old! though she had changed the same:
Oh, give me back my cell again!

They are all changed: the streams I heard
  Run singing from their source,
Whose music lingered in my dreams,
  Seem sluggish in their course;
The skies are gray, and 'neath the trees
  The shade hath darker grown;
While faces meet me in the way,
  That I have never known; —
They call me by a stranger's name:
Oh, give me back my cell again!

For now my lonely prison-walls
  Alone, amid my grief,
Are left companions for my sighs
  And murmurs for relief:
Oh, would that they could bring once more,
  With their familiar view,
The hopes I cherished through my tears,
  Their gloom cannot renew!
Home lingers round their rusty chain:
Oh, give me back my cell again!

1841.

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

There had been none to wipe his brow,
In his last hours of pain,
To watch and aid his feverish wants, —
No voice of soothing strain;
Not one who turned aside to weep,
Or smiled in tears upon his sleep; —

Not one, when conscience oft awoke,
And struggled with his soul,
To still its throbbings and its fears
With mercy's sweet control;
Even in dying, none to pray,
When the freed spirit passed away.

And hirelings gazed with tearless eyes,
From whence all grief had flown,
Upon the worn robe of a soul
Immortal as their own;
And sighed not, as they laid his frame
In the rude boards without a name.

They bore him to his grave alone:
The funeral bell tolled on
Wearily, so it seemed, and ceased
Ere half the way was won;
And, though 'twas noonday, none gave heed
How their steps hurried through the mead.

E'en as they laid him down to rest,
They thought that he was poor,
And gave him room in barren ground,
Lonely, for evermore;
And lightly spoke, lightly replied:
But no voice said, "A friend has died."

Oh! little are the sorrows told
That touch the poor man's heart,
Bearing through life a weary load, —
A sad and cheerless part;
Hoping for death alone, no more:
Good God! have mercy on the poor!

1841.

MAKABA.

"In the course of my remarks, Makaba caught the startling sound of a Resurrection. 'What,' he exclaimed with astonishment, — 'what are these words about? The Dead, the Dead, arise! I have slain my thousands, and shall *they* arise?'"

"THE Dead arise! why say ye so?
Shall all men wake from sleep, —
Those on whose death I loved to look,
And those I taught to weep?
And will my slumbering father rise?"
"Even he," the Preacher said,
"When the last trump of God shall sound,
And summon forth the dead."

"Those who have died on distant shores,
In silent darkness slain;
And those by wild hyenas torn,
Left dying on the plain;
Those who were swallowed in the waves,
In ages long gone by,
Whose struggling gasp no ear had heard,
Unseen by mortal eye: —

"And those left bleaching on the sands,
Unwashed by falling rain, —
Their cold bones crumbling on the ground,
Living and lost in vain:

Those whom the winds have borne, — shall they
  Arise by fount and lake ? "
The Preacher lifted up his voice,
  " The Dead shall all awake."

" All those who were my father's curse ;
  Those his strong arm withstood,
Yet strove in vain, as reeds that bend
  Before the mighty flood ?
Come here, ye wise men ! — speak : *who* dwells
  So potent in the skies ?
I tell ye that they cannot wake :
  The Dead *cannot* arise."

The old chief raised his stalwart arm,
  And shook his blood-stained spear,
And with a voice like stormy winds
  He shouted, " Stranger, hear !
I've slain my thousands ; and shall they,
  Mine *enemies*, arise ? "
" They, too," the Preacher bowed and wept,
  " Shall meet thee in the skies."

THE BEACON.

Written for a Fair, held for the benefit of the Seaman's Home, Portsmouth.

She hath spread her sails abroad,
The good ship, to the breeze,
As the penguin spreads her wings
On the brink of summer seas:
She hath weighed her anchor well;
And she dasheth on her way,
As an eagle through the air,
Or a sword-shark for its prey.

But the foaming waves grow dark:
They are rocking to and fro,
Like a host of wavering men,
When beaten by the foe.
And the pale moon hides her light;
And the thunder rumbles low,
With a dull and muttering sound,
To the shrieking storm below.

Aha! how the sea-birds scream,
That flit through the angry heaven!
And the heavy clouds, afar,
By the raging winds are driven!

Aha! how the lightning glares,
Through the boiling foam and spray,
On the wreck of the goodly ship,
With her tall masts borne away!

Our Father in heaven above!
Oh! now to thy child appear;
For wild is the Sailor's dread,
And terrible is his fear.
He prays, — when, lo! o'er the wave,
Like the gentle morning star,
With a radiance still and calm,
Shines the Beacon Light afar.

So to the Sailor's heart,
On life's tempestuous sea,
Hath the friendly "Seaman's Home"
Shone far o'er the distant lea,
Through fierce temptation's storm,
And through the dreary night,
With the pure and heavenly beams
Of the saving Beacon Light.

THE VISION.

Beyond were trackless oceans;
Beside me spread a plain,
Beneath whose deathless verdure
The men of yore had lain.
And all was still and silent:
There was no breath or sound,
To break the holy slumber
Of those beneath the ground, —

When, lo! within the chambers,
The cloud-home of the west,
I saw a band of angels
Upon their pinions rest:
And through the vaults of heaven,
Their thrilling music rang;
And earth sent back the echo, —
The songs the spirits sang.

Then suddenly, beside me,
The pure and holy dead
Uprose from their deep slumber,
Beneath their vernal bed,

And joined unto the chorus
The blessed angels sang:
The wide earth shook and trembled,
As round their music rang.

"All glory in the highest!
All glory in the sky!" —
So sang they with the spirits, —
"To Sire and Son on high!"
And I bowed down and trembled
At that which I had heard;
And lowly there I whispered,
"The dead, too, praise the Lord."

1841.

ON RECEIVING CAMPBELL'S POEMS.

I THANK thee for thy gift, my friend;
And I will seek, for thee,
To make each holy thought my own, —
Each gem that there may be.

And now I know that every dream,
Which from its lines may spring,
Will tell me how our anxious hearts
To other spirits cling.

And I will bless thee while I read,
And wish that thou wert nigh:
Oh that my home were everywhere
Beneath the broad, blue sky!

The poet lives in every heart;
His voice is all around;
The plains of earth, the realms of hope,
He passeth with a bound.

I thank thee for thy gift, my friend;
But more than all above,
I thank thee for a *better* thing, —
The token of thy love.

JULY, 1841.

"FEAR NOT."

I WILL not fear, — I will not fear:
For He is by my side;
In pastures fair he leadeth me, —
In pastures green and wide:
And by the rivers calm and clear,
And where bright waters roll:
I will not fear, — I will not fear;
His strength is in my soul.

He watcheth me amid the storm,
And on the raging sea;
His guidance is my steadfast hope,
When earthly hopes may flee.
I weep no more for grief or woe,
And I will fear no ill:
He loveth me, he feedeth me:
My God is with me still.

1841.

MOSES IN THE BULRUSHES.

She brought him to the river's bank;
  She laid him by the tide;
She looked into his sunny eyes; —
  How pleasantly he smiled!

She placed him 'mid the fanning leaves,
  And thought to shade his face;
And bowed them down, though bending still
  In beauty and in grace.

Poor child! he knew not of her dread;
  He knew not of her fear;
He dreamed not of that bitter grief, —
  The grief that sheds no tear.

She placed her hands upon his brow, —
  How cold they were, like clay!
And then she thought of Carmel's hills
  And Jordan, far away!

She looked upon the tiny ark;
  She gazed adown the tide;
And then unto her fathers' God
  In agony she cried.

Poor child! he knew not of her prayer;
He knew not of her fear:
But laughingly he watched the waves
And dancing waters near.

She kissed his brow, — how pale her own!
Her eyes were wild with grief:
She looked above, she looked around,
And hoped to find relief.

And once again, and yet again,
She parted from the shore:
How grieved the Mother's heart to leave,
And see her child no more!

But there was One of mighty strength,
Of perfect power to save, —
He looked upon the Mother's woe;
He looked upon the wave.

Trust on, trust on! amid the waves,
Though high the billows heave,
The faithful and the true of heart
Our God will never leave.

June, 1841.

HOPE ON.

Has thy plume been soiled, and clouded thine eye,
While the glancing arrows around thee fly?
Are thy footsteps faint in the strife and fray,
Though the fight is yet in the noon of day?
Warrior, awake, and arouse once more!
Hope on, hope on, until life is o'er!

Is thy heart bowed down with a bitter woe?
Thine anchors lost in the depths below?
No friend by thy side, and no voice of good cheer,
To give thee strength in the hour of thy fear?
O Mariner! faint not; a star is on high:
Hope on, hope on! for thy God is still nigh.

Are thy nerves unsheathed, O Poet! and worn,
As on thou art urged to a far-distant bourn?
Thou hast worlds of glory unseen within,
Though the shadows around are darkened with sin;
And the kingdom of love beyond thee lies:
Hope on! for thy songs are sung for the skies.

Oct. 2, 1841.

ON THE DEATH OF

MARGARET MILLER DAVIDSON.

Sleep on, sleep on! thy journey's done:
In that pure spirit-land, —
We will not say thou wert too young
To join the angel-band:
Thou who didst learn the songs so well
That swell through heaven's dome,
Thou hast not lost, but found for aye,
A more enduring home.

Thy spring was blended with the hopes
That bloom within the sky, —
Those rainbow-colored hopes, not born,
Like those of earth, to die.
And in thy heart there was a fount,
Holy, from streams unsealed:
How know we of the glorious things
To thy young soul revealed?

There was no weary, yearning waste;
No void of life unfilled;
No grief within thy youthful heart;
No storm that was not stilled:

But with thy sister-spirit's hand
  Thy lyre on earth was strung:
A glorious thing it was for thee
  To die so pure and young; —

A glorious thing, amid the spring,
  Unwasted by the cares
That wear this mortal life away,
  To join the holy prayers
Of those before the throne of God; —
  Who would not die like thee
So gifted, and thus early called
  To know eternity!

No more thy words shall thrill our hearts,
  Linked with thy sister-star;
But from thy grave, so like a shrine,
  A light shall shine afar,
To guide us with a holier strength
  To walk as thou hast trod:
Oh! well we know no hope is vain, —
  No thought that leads to God.

June 18, 1841.

THE MEETING OF THE DEPARTED.

"How will they meet us, angel blest,
They who on earth were ours;
A beauty and a loveliness
Amid life's weary hours; —

Who mingled in our holiest prayers,
In sorrow with us knelt,
Rejoiced with us in sympathy,
And with our trials felt?

How will they meet us?" so I asked
In trembling and in fear;
When Faith, with fervent tones, replied,
In accents deep and clear, —

"E'en as they loved thee: so, at rest
Secure from sin and pain,
Their tender care and holy love
Live here and there the same; —

Save that more calm, and troubled not
By fear of mortal change,
Their spirits' love, serenely pure,
No trial can estrange.

Unshadowed by the veil of time,
More close, more perfect yet,
In gentle union with your heart,
They blend without regret.

And as your efforts equal theirs,
For progress upward borne,
Equal in efforts, though in strength
Of angel-triumphs shorn, —

So sanctified, so purified,
Your meeting there shall be,
Untold rejoicing, full of peace,
E'en for eternity."

I listened, and my heart grew calm;
And strength anew was given;
And patience to sustain my part,
Thus loved and watched by Heaven.

August, 1842.

ON

SEEING A PAINTING OF TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

Thou'rt beautiful, most beautiful, O blessed child of love!
And thine eyes are beaming with the light and softness of the dove;
With the radiance of the morning stars, veiled in their vestal robe,
That breathe within our beating hearts strange thoughts we cannot probe.

And a childish look of wild delight is glancing o'er thy face,
As half beseeching for our praise, half taking it with grace;
Yet mingled with no human fear, no quivering wish within, —
Since earth, our earth, is bright to those whose hearts are free from sin.

Thou, Titian's daughter! even now, I thought in truth his dreams,
The inward harmony and light from higher fountain-streams,

Were visible upon thy face and in thy speaking eyes, —
An outward impress of the soul, whose home was in the skies.

Spirit of beauty ! if the forms that human hands have made
So thrill on every quivering pulse, as with a charm arrayed,
How will the splendor of God's work, the perfect, glorious whole,
Burst, when the veil is rent away, upon thy wondering soul !

August, 1842.

The Poetry that follows was written after the year 1851 ; but, as there were no dates annexed to the manuscripts, the exact time of their composition is not known. The greater part were doubtless composed during the last two or three years of the author's life.

MUSIC.

O SWEETEST Music! heaven-descended art!
The world-wide language of the feeling heart!
Pale Sorrow hears the sympathetic strain,
And, while she listens, half forgets her pain;
And Joy ecstatic, too, in Music's sighs
Subdues her laughter, and grows calmly wise.
To every fancy, lo! she holds the key;
And Wisdom's self is told in harmony.
O greatest master, who so wisely sings!
He can repeat his soul upon the strings;
And he, who hears the numbers softly float,
With heart respondent listens to each note, —
Feels all he feels of either joy or pain,
With kindred passion answering all his flame.
Such pleasure once was mine; for once I heard
A strain which all my inmost spirit stirred:
The theme was chosen well for sound or song,
And, chosen thus, was studied well and long, —
Of some great war, for a great victory, —
Perchance some mighty nation's fearful cry
Calling on God amid the battle's din;
Or the still struggle of a soul within.
Soft he began in liquid harmony;
Now pausing in forgetful melody;

Now swelling like the freighted winds of June;
Now like the waterfall's low drooping tune;
And often with a fading, dying note,
As echoes, sweetened by the distance, float;
Until, at length, the soft according strain
Won all the crowd he had not thought to gain.
Yet still he often paused in sweet delays,
As one who doubts of censure or of praise;
Till as the jocund lark, at morning light,
In flying gathers strength for higher flight,
So he increased his tones, and on the soul
Let the full tide of rapturous music roll.
As breaks upon some rock-bound shore the sea,
So swelling were his notes, so deep and free;
Nor yet at once exhausted all his store,
But, giving, left behind a harvest more,
To cherish expectation, and to break
The spell of apathy not yet awake.
Then, with a slow, distinct, majestic tread,
His music, like some beauteous lake outspread,
Where every note to each responsive rings,
The kingly princes in a train of kings;
Till as the victor moves across the plain,
When foes and conquered állies swell his train,
The rear advances, hurrying, pressing on,
While idle groups show how the field was won:
So, singing, on his theme he oft delayed,
And for some episode delightful staid,
Till the mute multitude, attendant long,
With shouts confessed him as the lord of song.

MORNING.

Morning awakes from peaceful sleep,
And springs from Night's embrace,
While all her breathing tresses lie
Dishevelled round her face.

In youthful graces newly clad,
She stands in modest wise,
Which neither hides nor seeks to show
Beauty without disguise ; —

While, in attendance on her will,
The Zephyrs round her curl ;
And the light-footed Dews, who hang
Each drooping leaf with pearl.

And the meek herald of her march
Shines hovering o'er the hills ;
While everywhere, from bud and flower,
An odorous sweet distils.

And e'en the clouds beneath her smile,
Where kindling beauties are ;
In conscious glory seem to glow,
And light her fame afar.

Reflecting all her charms, the streams,
Borne to their borders, seem
To leap rejoicing, as they seek
To meet her o'er the green; —

When, with a song for marriage feasts,
Some bird springs from its nest,
On wings that, flying, gather strength
To buoy her heaving breast; —

When, catching up the joyous note,
Ere half its force is spent,
In quick succession every grove
With joyous songs is rent.

And from the birds the whispering winds
The answering chorus take,
And, mingling with the rippling streams,
In one sweet anthem break; —

While from the hills the steaming smoke,
And vapors from the vale,
Rise, — like a cloud of incense, rise, —
And bid the Morning hail.

And maids come singing, with their pails,
Blithe welcomes to the Morn;
And all around the hills resound
With Chanticleer's rude horn.

The cotter starts, and thinks the day
Already leaves the East:

And hurries, whistling, to his flocks
And herds, from sleep released.

Yet, bent upon his task, perchance
He finds a listening ear,
To tell the story of his hopes,
And mark his cottage near; —

While in the door his children stand,
And watch his steps abroad,
And shyly from their eager eyes
The morning brightness guard, —

Until, on pastoral talk intent,
He sees, with late surprise,
The fiery day unto the morn
Succeeding in the skies.

STANZAS.

I SAID that I would love no more; but could I prove untrue,
When thy dear presence every hour awoke my love anew?
As well beneath the master's touch the lute-string might be still;
As well the panting, bleeding hart forsake the friendly rill.
If thou couldst be less wise and good, and less my praises move,
Or leave me in my wretchedness, then I might cease to love.

I said that I would love no more: but what is time or space,
When all that's beautiful and good recalls to me thy face;
When, in admiring others, I gave feeble praise to thee,
And, praising thee, all others seemed most honored then to be?
But if thou canst from Memory's leaves the sacred words remove,
And make the evil look like good, then might I cease to love.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

She was the miller's daughter,
A maid not over fair,
And rather to be loved, than praised
As many maidens are:
She had such pretty, witching ways,
So artless was her guile,
That often we began to chide,
And ended with a smile.

We all rejoiced to hear her step, —
Rejoiced, we scarce knew why:
Perchance she had so quick a heart
To feel another's sigh;
Or rather that such natural joy
Was laughing from her eyes;
As even the sad are glad to see
The lark at morning rise.

I saw her idling by the mill
When summer days had fled,
And, lingering still, the sunset seemed
To brighten round her head;

And, as the evening shadows fell,
I heard the miller scold,
As if he liked her sweet excuse,
For some strange story told.

She was a simple, honest maid,
So free from care, that I
Thought like the wildflower she could thrive,
And blossom endlessly:
But, ah! the wildflower in the storm
May fade, too early dead;
And she, alas! was loved, and left, —
Left for another maid.

I saw her with the miller sit,
But in the moonlit air,
So pale, so calm, that, were she dead,
She could not be more fair.
Her mother died when she was born,
They said, and then I smiled;
For rarely mother, dying thus,
Is long without her child.

NUPTIAL SONG.

My silken hood is ready, mother,
And ready my snow-white gown:
This morn I have tied the ribbon, mother,
That shall hang my side adown.
And he brought me a rose all wet with the dew,
To wear in these curls of mine;
And he promised me, sure, a string of beads
As rich and as rare as thine.
But he whispered most of a golden ring,
Of the richest and rarest ore;
And I'll put on my new shoes now, mother,
And sit at the old church-door.
The spring-time cometh and goeth, mother:
But never more, I trow,
Will you watch how my cloth grows white, mother,
On the lingering patch of snow.
And in the long, bright days of Fall, mother,
Never more will hand of mine
Turn your whining wheel to the autumn winds,
While my foot and voice keep time.
But you will be proud of my web, mother,
When you see how fine it is made,
And remember all your wearisome pains,
And think you are well repaid.

And I shall not come in the eve, mother,
With my frothing milking-pail;
But the feathery flock that trooped at my call
You will watch for without fail.
And the robin that builds on yonder bough,
You will see that he is not killed:
He builds for himself, but he never cares
To see how his young ones build!
For mine own house I shall toil, mother;
But, oh! in the clover bloom,
You will think the self-same wind, mother,
Wafts to me the same perfume.
Two homes will be glad for you, mother,
Two hearths at set of sun:
I shall see the light of yours, mother,
When I sit by mine alone.
But, see! the church-door openeth wider;
Down the way the maidens steal;
And, oh! my heart it is beating louder
Than the church-bell, by a deal.
Do you think the lover I crossed, mother,
Will be there to hear my troth?
If he knows how I laughed at his foolish love,
Do you think he will now be wroth?
But I never shall be ready, mother:
Oh! what shall I do or say?
But why do you stand and weep so, mother?
For this is my *wedding-day!*

THE SOLDIER.

Oh! sleep is no more like death than the morning
Is like the aurora in northern climes dawning:
In sleep, the soft breathing, the blush on the cheek,
The dreamy emotions of the waking soul speak;
As some token at night, though no waker arouse,
Shows the master in silence keeps watch o'er the house.

But in death — oh! this fair maid is sleeping,
While Innocence, blushing, the sweet watch is keeping;
And one cheek is hid on the breast of her lover,
While her waving hair hides half the flush of the other,
And her arm clasps his neck, — her arm soft and pearly:
If the sunset all bright, why sleeps she so early?

By the envious scarf his face now is hidden,
For the evening winds covered it o'er all unbidden;
But the tender embrace should be sweeter and closer:
Ah! this is no sleep, for in sleep he forgets her, —
Now his arms lying listless, to hers unreplying:
Oh, see how the red blood the greensward is dyeing!

Sore wounded in battle, he crept to the river,
Where vainly he suffered, his strength gone for ever:

But true love hath found him; and there, softly stooping
To see if his heart beat, her ear lowly drooping:
Now the night-dew is falling, the twilight is fading:
Her arm round his neck, oh! why is she waiting?

In the sunset the river laughs blushing and flowing;
The winds, as if homesick, are sighing and blowing;
The violets are drooping, the green trees are swinging;
But the birds are too full of their joy to be singing:
Earth and air seem to whisper, "Oh! this sure is sleeping;"
And night draws a marriage-veil over their dreaming.

LOVE FLIES.

Love flies, Love flies!
Round his throat is floating all his golden hair;
On each dimpled shoulder snowy wings there are:
While his empty quiver down his back is hung,
On his arm he beareth forth his bow unstrung;
While he looketh backward, laughing from his eyes,
"Love flies, Love flies!"

All the flowers are drooping, birds in silence fly,
And the brutes, neglected, raise a piteous cry;
While the winds of Autumn o'er the meadows mourn,
And the gathering darkness shows the coming storm;
And lone Echo answers, — answers and replies,
"Love flies, Love flies!"

Idly falls the hammer, idly turns the wheel,
And the careless spinner often drops her reel:
Hushed the song and whistle, hushed the joking strain;
Hymen, pale and fainting, fans a flickering flame;
While sad Faith, attending, languishes, and sighs,
"Love flies, Love flies!"

"Hush!" cries Love, half pouting, "if I fly before,
I would wait you mortals on a better shore:
Always ye reproach me, — now I will return,
All re-armed to plague you, till your planet burn:
Last to leave, oh! gladly then you'll raise your cries,
'Love flies, Love flies!'"

TO JESSIE.

"Ah, Jessie dear!" I rashly asked,
"Since thou canst not return my love,
Let pity shed some fragrant tears
Upon the woes I weeping prove;
But, ah! thy tears, like falling dew,
Refresh thy charms, my grief renew."

Ah, Jessie dear! I rashly asked, —
"Since thou canst not return my love,
Let some kind words by pity said
The burning from my heart remove;" —
For, oh! what peace could pity bring,
Which steals love's sweetness and its sting?

But, Jessie dear! thy innocence
Is wiser far than others' arts;
And, loving thee, still would I sigh,
Rather than reign in other hearts:
For still my heart, by thee possessed,
Owns what thou wilt as always best.

THE PLOUGHMAN'S DAUGHTER.

"The ploughman's merry daughter,
What hair hath she, I pray?"
I asked two lusty farmers
Who lingered by the way.
"Ah! brown," one answered gayly,
"And soft as fleece e'er spun."
"Nay, golden," sighed the other;
"For I've seen it in the sun."

"What eyes hath she, good people?"
One answered, "Tender blue,
And softer than the iris
When wet with morning dew."
"Nay, sharper," cried the other,
When scarce the first had done,
"Than my sickle in the meadows
Beneath an August sun."

"And speaks she fair, good people?"
"Oh! sweet," the elder said,
"Like soft winds o'er the clover."
But low the younger plead,

"Nay, say her cold voice ringeth
Clear as the evening bell
That oft misleads the stranger
In yonder echoing dell."

Perplexed, and wanting wisdom,
I sought beyond the moor,
Where the ploughman's merry daughter
Was spinning by the door;
Nor knew, 'twixt light and shadow,
If her hair were brown or gold,
Nor 'mid the rose and lily
The faithful color told.

Too long her eyes I pondered,
Where true love seemed to lie;
Too loud I praised her, hearing
Her sweet song floating by:
When quick, in mocking laughter,
Out rang her merry voice;
And, weeping, to the farmers
I turned, and made no choice.

EPITAPH.

HERE, within this silent dell,
Where the moss is old and hoary,
Where the turf is green the latest,
And the Fall leaves fade the fairest,
Lies a maid of humble story.
She had loved — ah, common lesson! —
Tenderly, and was forgotten;
And when, weeping, sleep o'ercame her,
Angels suffered none to wake her.
Oft the brightly dawning morning;
Oft the birds, upon the ground,
Singing softly, — seem to call her
To the happy life around:
But the Eve, with dewy fingers,
Decks her mould with fragrant sighs:
And kind Pity, leaning o'er her,
Drops a requiem from her eyes;
While the violets, blooming, dying,
Lay their leaves upon her breast,
As if their true love could bring her
Healing for a heart distressed.
Wandering here, perchance, kind stranger,
Where the Zephyrs, glad to linger,
Balmy sweetness borrow;

Where e'en Grief loops up her tresses, —
Do not sigh or breathe kind wishes,
  That she could share thy morrow:
But sing dirges softly o'er her,
Lest unpitying Love disturb her
  With a dream of sorrow.

LOVE.

O LOVE! sweet love! — oh! tell me what is love,
That all should be so eager for this pain;
And what strange madness is there in its joys,
That e'en the unloved would rather love in vain.

None are so poor but have some idleness
Which they can lavish on love's lips and eyes:
For e'en the beggar hath his nights in June.
When he forgets his poverty, yet sighs.

And in the moonlit, clover-scented air,
The prince and beggar, in the same soft tone,
Breathe the same whispers to some listening ear,
And in another's joys each finds his own.

And, oh! what charity is there, sweet Love!
That can no error in another find?
How darest thou, oh, most courageous Love!
Unequal fates and fortunes thus to bind?

And yet this human love is but the type
Of one which can alone all hopes fulfil;
For in Love's heaven, most divinely blest,
All pant for love that's sweeter, holier still.

SONG.

As rivers often at their source
  In many streams divide,
Which, swelling to a flood, flow on
  In one unbroken tide;
So once my heart had many joys:
  But now each lends its store,
And all, absorbed in love alone,
  Now waste their wealth no more.

As from some mountain-lake the streams
  Run various down the steep,
And, mingling oft with humbler rills,
  In mighty torrents sweep;
So with the springs of slighted love
  All other sorrows meet,
Each gaining bitterness and strength,
  And make my woe complete.

REPOSE.

On downy pillows lain, she prays:
  Her soft eyes ope and close again;
And, unto her unfinished prayer,
  The angels say the glad "Amen;"
While, half-unclasped her languid hands,
  She sleeps with such a gentle art,
That scarce her heaving limbs betray
  The quiet heaving of her heart;
So quick asleep, not hidden quite,
Her lovely limbs peep to the light
The envious down would hide from sight.

Her golden hair curls round her cap;
  And, as her rosy lips unclose,
The easy breathings falter forth,
  Like perfumes loath to leave a rose;
And, dimly bright, the lashes seem
  To steal light from her eyes in mirth,
Or, as some homesick beams, returned
  Unto the suns that gave them birth;
While, gathered in her snowy breast,
Life and the Loves together rest:
How could they leave so sweet a nest?

The air is sweet; for dying flowers
  Send their last breath to scenes like this,
And, sighing, blows the love-sick wind,
  Trembling to meet her with a kiss;
While, with a faint and dreamy light,
  The lamp half shows, half hides, her face,
As night were, by itself illumed,
  Burning to see her lovely face;
And worthless Fancy flieth thence,
Where she lies sleeping with shut sense,
Like the child-goddess, Innocence.

LINES WRITTEN FOR AN ALBUM.

Happy childhood smiles when sleeping;
  But the man, whate'er his mood,
As in death, in sleeping weareth
  Looks of mournful quietude:
But, dear beauty! mayst thou number
Childhood's hours of smiling slumber!

Childhood dreams sweet dreams of childhood;
  But the man, whate'er his fate,
Never dreams of youth returning,
  With the joys of youth elate:
But, dear beauty! may thy dreaming
Bring thy childhood back in seeming!

A LEGEND OF BLENHEIM.

The reckless lord sat 'mid the wassail high,
And a fierce light flashed from his keen dark eye,
While his heavy locks fell round his bold, bad face,
As he lifted the foaming cup from its place;
And the old arras shook, as he laughed in jest,
As if driven aside by the strong north-west.

Of the wild-boar's head was the rude beaker made:
Nine times had he quaffed it, nine times unstayed;
And the arms on the wall with his shout rang so clear,
That the wassailers started in rage and in fear;
And they laughed then a laugh sharp and hoarse with
their dread,
While their terrified glance denied all they said.

And in fear — none knew why — the night waned apace;
Each reveller looked in the opposite face,
And swore with an oath, that seemed like a groan,
That the face of his neighbor was pale as his own;
When, trembling, they saw a guest at their board:
For a white lady sat by the bold, bad lord!

Not a sound had they heard when she came to his side;
Not a breath could they see move her thin veil aside;
Round her shoulders, unbound, flowed her long golden hair:
They saw that her neck and her white arms were bare;
And she fixed her keen eye cold and bright on the lord,
Till it pierced him through, like the point of a sword.

Then the arras was still, and the torch-light shone clear,
And the revellers round seemed stiffened with fear:
Some still raised the glass they had lifted to fill;
In the terror of death some seemed to laugh still;
And the minstrel was dumb from that hour when the maid
Took the harp from his hand, and mournfully played, —

"Roland, Roland of Blenheim!
Where was noble Ernestine? —
He whose stern, ferocious soul
Knew no danger, no control,
In the battle owned no fear;
And whose gentlest passions were
The race and hunt, till day was spent;
Who scorned to hide his bold intent:
Thinkest thou he was afraid
To protect fair Adelaide?

Roland, Roland of Blenheim!
Where was Robert of thy line,
Most renowned for wily art? —
He whose bold and subtle heart

Strove for victory more than fame,
But whose great and noble aim
Blessed the deed by cunning planned,
And brought healing to the land, —
Called the 'Fox;' oh! long since dead:
Was he dead to Adelaide?

Roland, Roland of Blenheim!
Where was he renowned through time, —
Wisest William, who, with skill,
Planned the good, foresaw the ill;
Whose designs ne'er ran to waste
By delay or feebler haste;
And who owned, in every aim,
Wisdom was but Virtue's name?
Whither had his spirit fled,
That he saw not Adelaide?

Roland, Roland of Blenheim!
Where were all those of thy line?
Sweet Cecilia, who, though fair,
Gave her youth to heaven and prayer,
Whom all voices loved to bless, —
Goodness joined to loveliness?
All who saw her when she died, —
Adelaide, thy fair-haired bride?
All these see thee as thou art,
With the blood-stains on thy heart!

Murdered for her noble place;
Then a curse fell on thy race:

Oh! such curses then there were
As the demons only swear.
Till she rests in holy ground,
And her marriage-ring is found,
Cursed art thou and all thy line,
Roland, Roland of Blenheim!"

Then she floated away without sound or sigh,
Gazing long on the lord with her glittering eye;
Yet her lips had not moved, and her song came the while,
Like the moan of the wind through the deep chancel-aisle:
But her words chilled the lord, like the drops that bled
From the heart of the pale, cold Adelaide.

Then the lights on the wall, glaring, suddenly made
A sharp tongue of fire of each burnished blade;
And the lord gazed thereon, till his dark eyebrows met,
And his heavy locks dripped with the large drops of sweat,
When the torch-light went out, though no wind whispered near;
And the Lord of Blenheim fell dead in his fear!

Long they sought, but in vain, where the lost grave was made
Of the flower of their line, the sweet Adelaide:
One by one, all the lords of the house of Blenheim,
When they came to their power, died long ere their time;
And the green ivy spread like a veil on the wall,
And the bats beat their wings undisturbed in the hall.

And many a stone, crumbling, fell from its height,
While the arras grew dim in the sun's searching light;
But none sought the hall since the hour of fear,
When the song of the phantom fell cold on the ear;
And years waned apace, and they bore to the tomb
The last heir of Blenheim, like a rose in her bloom.

When, lo! o'er the tomb while the bearers delayed,
Pale and white on the ground sat the lost Adelaide,
With a ring round her throat of her own scarlet blood,
And the ring with which the false lover had wooed:
Then they laid by her side the sweet rose of Blenheim;
For the curse was appeased with the last of her line.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Cross o'er the meadow,
By the hill-shadow,
Through the wet weeds, —
Weeds dropping seeds;
And thou'lt find, between
Two old oaks still green,
A house all alone, —
Unto summer heat,
Winter wind and sleet,
Left as their own.

Hills press to its sides;
And behind it glides
A streamlet gay,
Youthful in the shade
By an orchard made
Gray with decay.

And if the door, aslant,
Waits the visitant,
No welcome guest, —
The wind, in gusts so free,
Closes, as hearing thee,
All farther quest.

Hither birds flying,
Through the windows hieing,
  Linger and rest;
But none, at thy sigh,
Shall in terror fly
  Unto their nest.

Wingèd seeds are lying,
Fall leaves are dying,
  On the hearthstone;
But no cricket sings,
No gray swallow springs,
  Where the fire shone.

And thou, fancy-led,
Oft shalt turn thy head
  Unto some guest,
As thou hear'st, with dread,
Seemingly the tread
  Long gone to rest.

And on every stair
Creep the steps of air;
  And in the hall
The free wind sighs to thee,
Like the long-vanished glee
  Of the festival; —

While by the hearthstone,
Solitude alone,
  Unblessed and unblessing,

Sits like a night-mare,
With a vacant stare,
  Life oppressing.

Oh! why, dost thou ask,
Is it nature's task
  Only to spoil
All the works of man,
Though the noblest plan
  Honored his toil?

Oh for their faces
In the old places,
  Lovely of yore!
Oh for their voices
When the heart rejoices,—
  Gone evermore!

Our love is burning,
Our hearts are turning
  To those we deplore,
Who once wept with us,
And who laughed with us,—
  Gone evermore!

ODE TO SOLITUDE.

Hail, Solitude! the giddy Hours
  Would woo thee from thy shady nooks:
Meek sister of the modest Eve,
  Compassion breathes in all thy looks,
And there's the modest freedom in thy gait
Of one who neither braves nor fears his fate.

I've sought from thee, nor sought in vain,
  The peace that's by the World disturbed,
When thou, the conqueror of wrong,
  Wouldst teach like one who once had erred;
Thy words insuring me amid my woes
The same kind pardon that I grant my foes.

How oft with thee and Night I've walked,
  Accusing Heaven, along the vale;
The Night, too, weeping dewy tears!
  And thou hast calmly checked my tale,
Hast bid me read Time's book of simple scope
For all I lacked of patience and of hope.

Hail, Solitude! oft would I hear
  Thy voice which bids me search my soul,
And, with the wisdom of the dead,
  Teach that man's good is self-control;
While shades evoked by thee sigh from the sods:
Their weakness was their own, their glory God's.

LIBERTY.

Dear Liberty! like young Aurora, lo! she comes
And stands high up, perchance on Tyrolean hills;
And then, in slumberous beauty sitting by the thrones
Of noble kings, her grandeur all the presence fills:
Again, some vast republic's banner in her hands,
Her face half hidden in its folds, aloft she stands.
But, smiling sweetly, oft like one who thinks of home,
She comes to some brave heart upon his dungeon-bed,
And, whispering that the perfect man is free alone,
The sunshine like a glory shines about her head:
Glad as a child, with grandest hopes her spirit stirs;
For, lo! the vast, immortal years of God are hers!

ON A PICTURE.

Lo! in the shade, one summer's noon,
A shepherd sat, with drooping head,
And watched his flock as slow they strayed
Beside the cooling river's bed.

Scarce waved the trees, as if they knew
How sweet a gloom their branches made;
And e'en the sunshine seemed to sleep
In golden brightness 'mid the glade.

The droning flies had shut their wings;
The drowsy flowers had closed their leaves;
And everywhere there reigned a calm,
Without the sigh that Silence heaves.

Soft, hazy airs were round the hills,
And o'er the lake of dazzling blue;
More dazzling still, white, fleecy clouds
With silent wings were floating through.

The stream's continuous sound alone,
Like Nature's breath, with measured sweep,
Swelled from a hidden spring of life,
And flowed to an unfathomed deep.

And, as a mother lulls her child,
  Peace seemed to lull the world to rest,
Which, with a dreamy sense of joy,
  Smiled, while she slumbered on her breast.

THE FLOWERS OF MY GARDEN.

Fair Flowers in my garden grow;
No fairer Flowers this earth can show:
Each one, a miracle of art,
Hath won how many a poet's heart;
And, though misnamed, how many still
Recall the poet's mystic skill!
O Flowers! affection's sweetest token,
The pledge of faith and troth unbroken!
O fairest, frailest Flowers! ye can
No labor do for toiling man,
But bloom, returning love for love, —
Meek messengers of heaven above.
How many sorrows ye have soothed!
How many doubting fears removed!
First, with the Spring, children of love,
The Hyacinths my care approve;
For love I rather see than woe
On Hyacinthus' floweret grow,
Which sprang all bleeding from the sods,
Red with his frolic with the gods:
O feeblest love, which could not save,
Even when immortal, from the grave!
But, sweetest Crocus! wast thou born
Of Hermes' grief for one alone?

Or, youth too loving, hath some power
Immortalized love in a flower?
And here are Pansies freaked with jet;
And here the sombre Violet;
While close the Cowslips hide in green,
The pensioners of the Fairy Queen;
And low the nodding blossoms wave
Which grew on fond Narcissus' grave,
Who loved his shadow in the stream,
And died of love; for none, I ween,
Not even the Nereids, were so fair, —
Fairer than Scylla, fairest there;
While famed St. Edward's royal flower,
The brown Imperial, rules the hour;
Later, Spring Tulips, passion-fired,
And Honeysuckles well attired;
And Pinks and Larkspurs, blue and dark,
Like birds imprisoned on the stalk;
Canterbury's Cathedral Bell,
Whose notes with swaying breezes swell,
By golden tongues, with rise and falls,
Swinging in amethystine walls;
And sweeter Bells, with azure dyes,
Which caught their color from the skies;
And here the great white Lily springs,
Rarest of all rare blossomings, —
Born of that milk which gave, sweet shower!
A god to heaven, to earth a flower,
Second to none which Summer brings.
"Lilies," perchance the Mantuan sings,
"The sylvan gods bore in their hands;"
Or sweeter song, in Christian lands,

Says that it blossoms on the days
Sacred unto the Virgin's praise.
But, Fleur de Lys! mysterious flower
Carved on the Sphinx in Egypt's power, —
An emblem, would fond Fancy ask,
Of the great Hebrew and his task.
O wondrous flower, Fleur de Lys!
Old and new France will blazon thee!
Drawn by an angel's pen at night
Upon the banner of her host,
The heavens glowing with strange light,
Strange echoes startling all the coast;
Oft folded o'er the Indian's rest,
And Canada's ungenial breast:
O proudest Lily! none like thee
Have spread their leaves o'er land and sea!
Here Marigolds their florets spread,
Like glories round the Virgin's head;
And red Nasturtiums, rich and rare,
Sparkle to greet the evening air,
Which once, on some triumphal gate,
Added fresh glory to the State;
Whose leaves are shields that heroes bear,
Its flowers the helmets heroes wear.
And here the Heliotrope's soft dyes
Turn to the sun, like Clyte's eyes;
And, underneath the wall and thorn,
Grow flowers of Mintha, maid forlorn,
The prey of Proserpine's proud scorn, —
Mintha, whose crushèd leaves distil
The comfort she could never feel.

And here the gaudy flower appears
Which sprang from Helen's flowing tears;
Bold flower, not half so sweetly glowing
As those fair buds, which, dew bestowing,
Wakened by Phyllis' mournful doom,
Blushed into life and sweet perfume.
These could I number, more than these,
Nor once would gather Daphne's leaves,
Who with ambitious laurels strove
To soothe Apollo's ardent love.
But, fairest Flower! thou Queen of Flowers!
I watch thee most in sun and showers,
Who hast the nightingale's warm heart,
Thy perfumes of his song a part;
For Fable says, that Flora, straying
Through summer woods, and oft delaying,
Found in a covert still and dark
A Dryad maiden cold and stark, —
So pale, alas! dear gods, defend
All maidens from so sad an end!
And Flora, mourning o'er her loss,
Made of her essence, free from dross,
A Rose as lovely as her face,
And every god did add some grace, —
A Rose all blanched like her own beauty;
But Cupid, missing of his duty,
O'erturned some nectar on the flower,
Which crimson grew beneath the shower,
And, in Love's warm and tender flush,
Rivalled her beauty's living blush.
O Rose of Love! what flower like this,
The type of sorrow, type of bliss?

In dewy garlands, freshly made,
I wore thee once upon my head;
Now hid in silence on my heart,
Part of my love and grief a part:
O Rose! my love, though dead, still blooms;
Faded like thee, still breathes perfumes.

THE HEATHEN MOTHER'S LAMENT.

O roses, full of rich perfume,
Waste not your sweetness on the air;
But shed it drop by drop, with care,
Upon this little bed,
Where my dear child is laid!
And thou, my love, oh think how tenderly
These wreaths I twined for thee! Oh, woe is me!
For thou canst know no more my care for thee.

See, in the distant East, the Morn
Comes proudly like a new-made queen,
All flame, but that soft airs proclaim
The loving face and heart within.
She glorifies the bed
Where my dear child is laid;
And thou, my love, thou must awake, and see
The glowing light around. Oh, woe is me!
Life hath no pleasures left me without thee.

Yonder a little bird bemoans
Her new-made nest and murdered young;
Now, whirling up, with shrieking tongue
She mourns above the bed
Where my dear child is laid:

But, oh! my love, so still art thou! Her cry
I hear, alas! and feel not: woe is me!
I have no other sorrow than for thee.

And when my friends come, with their tears,
Rousing my courage over all,
Between our love, like a great wall,
Rises this little bed,
Where my dear child is laid.
Oh! why, my love, why linger 'neath the sods?
What need hath Heaven of thee? Oh, bitter words!
For I no longer reverence the gods.

Close to the earth the troubled mother
Seemed to shut out the light of day;
While high the wild-bird wheeling upward
Mourned out her sorrow on her way:
Softly the roses shed their rich perfume,
Softly the morning chased away the gloom;
But, ah! no Saviour's voice unsealed the tomb.

March, 1857.

MINISTRY OF GRIEF.

O Love! Ambition! watchwords of man's zeal I hear,
And I in vain would answer from my house of clay,
Tired of my tedious bondage many a troubled year;
And still I question, sadly question, night and day, —
Why was I born to weary out love's self with grief,
To waste in idleness, or struggles for relief?
So, grieving, half distraught, I saw the birds at dawn
Beating against the winds in their careering flight;
And those same winds, 'gainst which they struggled in
the morn,
Bore their light wings, o'erwearied, gently home at night.
And so, dear friend, these very trials, bravely borne,
May bear *my* heart at last to its own brighter Home!

1857.

HYMN.

FATHER, our feeble, erring feet
Have wandered from the heavenly road;
And vainly now, while night draws on,
We would return to thine abode.

For clouds rest o'er the ground we've trod,
And all is lost which charmed of late;
And, 'mid a lonely wilderness,
With doubtful steps we hesitate.

While vague alarms possess our souls,
We know not where or how to flee;
But now, dear Lord! oh, lead us back,
To wander never more from thee.

Heal these sad wounds, these garments change;
And henceforth, constant in our faith,
Thy mercy, more than all our fears,
Shall save us from the way of death.

1857.

TO A FRIEND.

May thy sins, no more remembered
In thy Saviour's pardoning eye,
Only make thee pray more humbly
For his aid when danger's nigh.

Mayst thou bear with thine own weakness,
Since the Lord is strong to save;
Proud to serve, since to his servants
Christ the largest freedom gave.

May thy heart receive with meekness
All the wounds that make it bleed,
Feeling that, with grief anointed,
Thou shalt reign with Christ indeed.

Holy angels show thee visions,
Plainly to thy sleeping eyes,
Which shall give thee strength, awaking,
For each holy sacrifice.

1857.

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 018 597 790 0